

# MAD

**HUMOR IN A**  
**JUGULAR VEIN—10¢**



**BEAUTIFUL GIRL  
OF THE MONTH**  
**READS 'MAD'**



TALES CALCULATED TO DRIVE YOU...



**NUMBER 11...MAY**



# BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!



**BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!**... COMPARE THE TWO MAGAZINES ABOVE!... WHICH ONE IS THE DIRTY IMITATION? MANY OF OUR COMPETITORS ARE PUTTING OUT MAGAZINES THAT ARE IMITATIONS... FILTHY UNAMERICAN SWIPES OF **MAD** MAGAZINE... IF YOU WANT TO AVOID IMITATIONS... MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST...

First...roll up a **MAD** magazine! Light it! Take a couple puffs! ...Notice how slowly the paper burns!... Notice how gently it sets your head on fire!



...Now, take any other magazine and light it!... Notice the oily brown poisonous coloring of the smoke... the hotness of the melted staples on your tongue!



...Yes...once you make this test, we guarantee you will never smoke an imitation magazine again... You will never do nuttin' ever again!



**REMEMBER!... MAD IS Milder... MUCH Milder!**

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SCIENCE-FICTION DEPT.: WELL... HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER MISERABLE ISSUE OF MAD! GATHER 'ROUND, YOU MAD READERS!... PULL UP YOUR TOADSTOOLS AND WET-ROCKS AND GET NICE AND COZY... THAT'S RIGHT SETTLE DOWN WHERE IT'S NICE AND DANK AND WE'LL TELL YOU A STORY WE CALL...

# FLESH GARDEN!



LET US NOT LEAP TO CONCLUSIONS, DALE!... WHAT MAKES YOU THINK THIS ALIEN CREATURE IS GOING TO EAT DR. ZARK?

THAT'S THE TROUBLE WITH US EARTHLINGS!... WE ALWAYS ASSUME THAT ALIEN CREATURES ARE HOSTILE!... I REFUSE TO KILL SAID ALIEN CREATURE IN THE BELIEF IT IS HOSTILE!... I WILL KILL IT JUST FOR FUN!



WAIT, FLESH!

... FLESH, DARLING... EVEN THOUGH YOU GO TO CERTAIN DEATH, MY LOVE IS SO GREAT, I SHALL GO TO FIGHT THE ALIEN CREATURE WITH YOU!



YOU SHALL STAY!

I SHALL GO!

...STAY!

...GO!

O.K.!... GO!... HERE'S MY SWORD!... NO SENSE IN BOTH OF US GETTING KILT!







ON SECOND THOUGHT... I SUDDENLY REALIZE IT IS IMPERATIVE THAT I SAVE DOCTOR ZARK!

I'M COMING TO SAVE YOU, NOAH! I'M COMING TO SAVE YOU, DOCTOR NOAH ZARK!



FLESH! THANK HEAVEN YOU'VE COME!... BUT TELL ME WHAT FINE INSTINCT WAS IT... WHAT MADE YOU DASH TO ALMOST CERTAIN DEATH TO SAVE ME?

...WELL YOU SEE, DOCTOR ZARK... I'VE HAD A LITTLE PAIN ON THE EDGE OF MY LEFT SHOULDER THAT STICKS WHEN IT RAINS! I WONDER COULD YOU TAKE A LOOK AT IT, DOCTOR ZARK!



LOOK, KID!... NO FREE CONSULTATIONS! I GOT REGULAR OFFICE HOURS FROM 12:00 TO 2:00 AT FIVE BUCKS A VISIT!

ENOUGH GUM-BEATING, ZARK!... WE'VE GOT TO GO FIND OUR ROCKET SHIP... WE'VE GOT TO FIND A WAY TO GET BACK TO EARTH!

EEE!... FLESH!... LOOK!... COMING OUT OF THE WATER... A NAUSEATING, SLIME-OOZING, KNIFE-TOOTHED ZORK!



HAVE NO FEAR! I AM NOT AFRAID OF THE NAUSEATING, SLIME-OOZING, KNIFE-TOOTHED ZORK!

BUT FLESH!... WAIT A MINUTE!... CRAWLING OUT OF THAT CREVICE!... A SICKENING, HAIRY, MANY-CLAWED ZORCHTON!



...I AM NOT AFRAID TO LEAP UPON THE SICKENING HAIRY, MANY-CLAWED ZORCHTON!

...FLESH!... HERE COMES THE WORST! A HORRIBLE, PALPITATING LIMB-RIPPING ZILCHTRON!



...NOR DO I HESITATE TO COME TO GRIPS WITH THE HORRIBLE PALPITATING, LIMB-RIPPING ZILCHTRON!

ZUK! ZUK! ZUK!

WHAT?... ANOTHER MONSTER?... A ZUK?



NO, FLESH! DALE IS MERELY CHOKING ON A PEACH PIT!

NOW, SINCE ALL THE MONSTERS ARE CONQUERED, WE CAN GO LOOK FOR A ROCKET SHIP!

NO! ALL IS LOST! LOOK UP AHEAD!... I WILL NOT BE ABLE TO CONQUER THIS!

GOOD LORD!











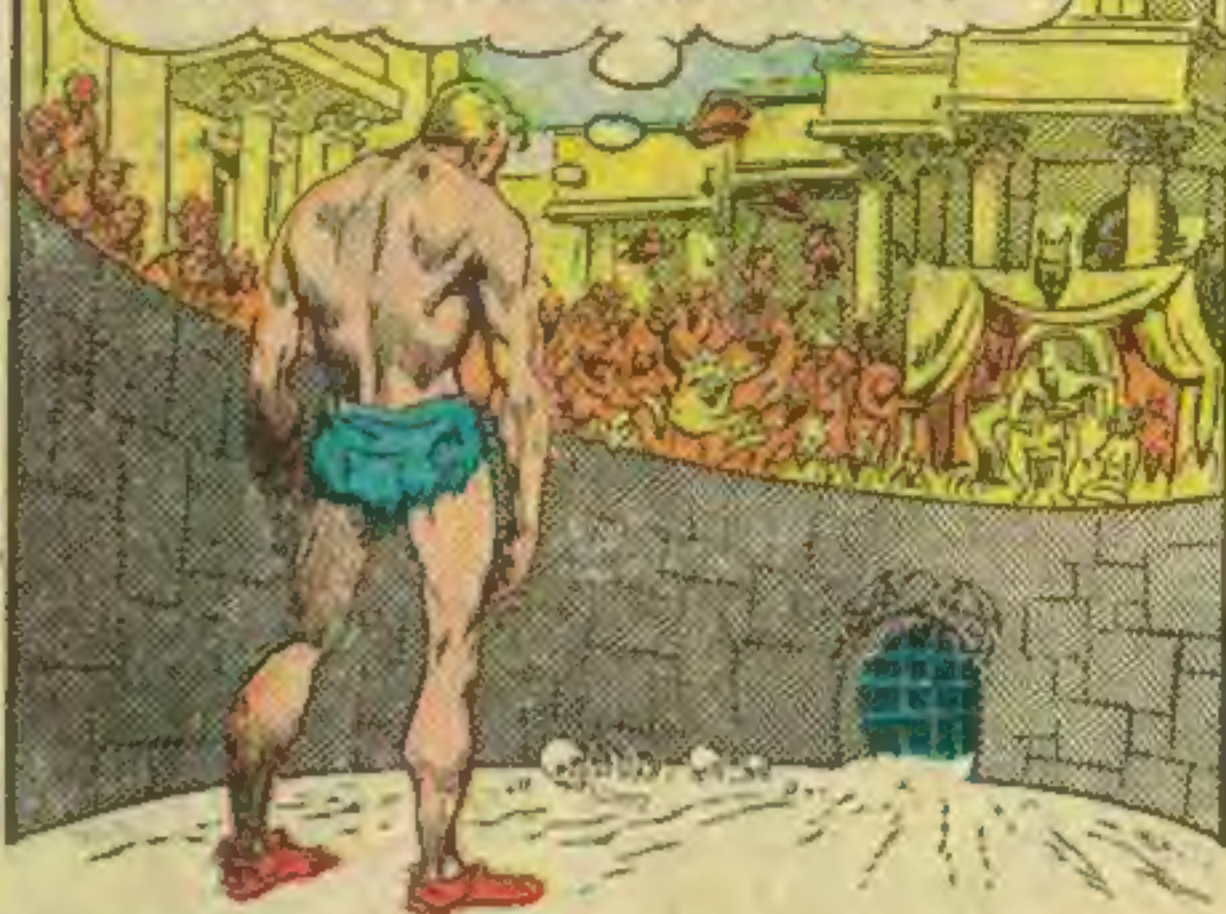




ALL RIGHT!... THE SACRIFICE IS READY TO BEGIN!...  
THROW THE EARTHLING, FLESH GARDEN, INTO  
THE ARENA, WHERE UNARMED, HE WILL FIGHT  
A CREATURE THAT IS NOW WAITING HUNGRILY,  
BEHIND THE DOOR TO POUNCE  
UPON THE SACRIFICE!



HERE I AM... UNARMED... ALONE IN THIS  
ARENA!... WHAT CAN I USE FOR A WEAPON?  
... MY CLOTHES?... MY SHOES?... THE  
THOUGHT BALLOON ABOVE MY HEAD?



WHAT KIND OF A CREATURE  
LIES BEHIND THAT BLOOD-  
STAINED OAKEN DOOR?  
COULD IT BE WORSE  
THAN THE SLIME-OOZING,  
KNIFE-TOOTHED ZORK?



ULP!... THE DOOR IS  
SLOWLY OPENING! COULD  
IT BE ANY WORSE THAN  
THE HAIRY, MANY-  
CLAWED ZORCHTON?



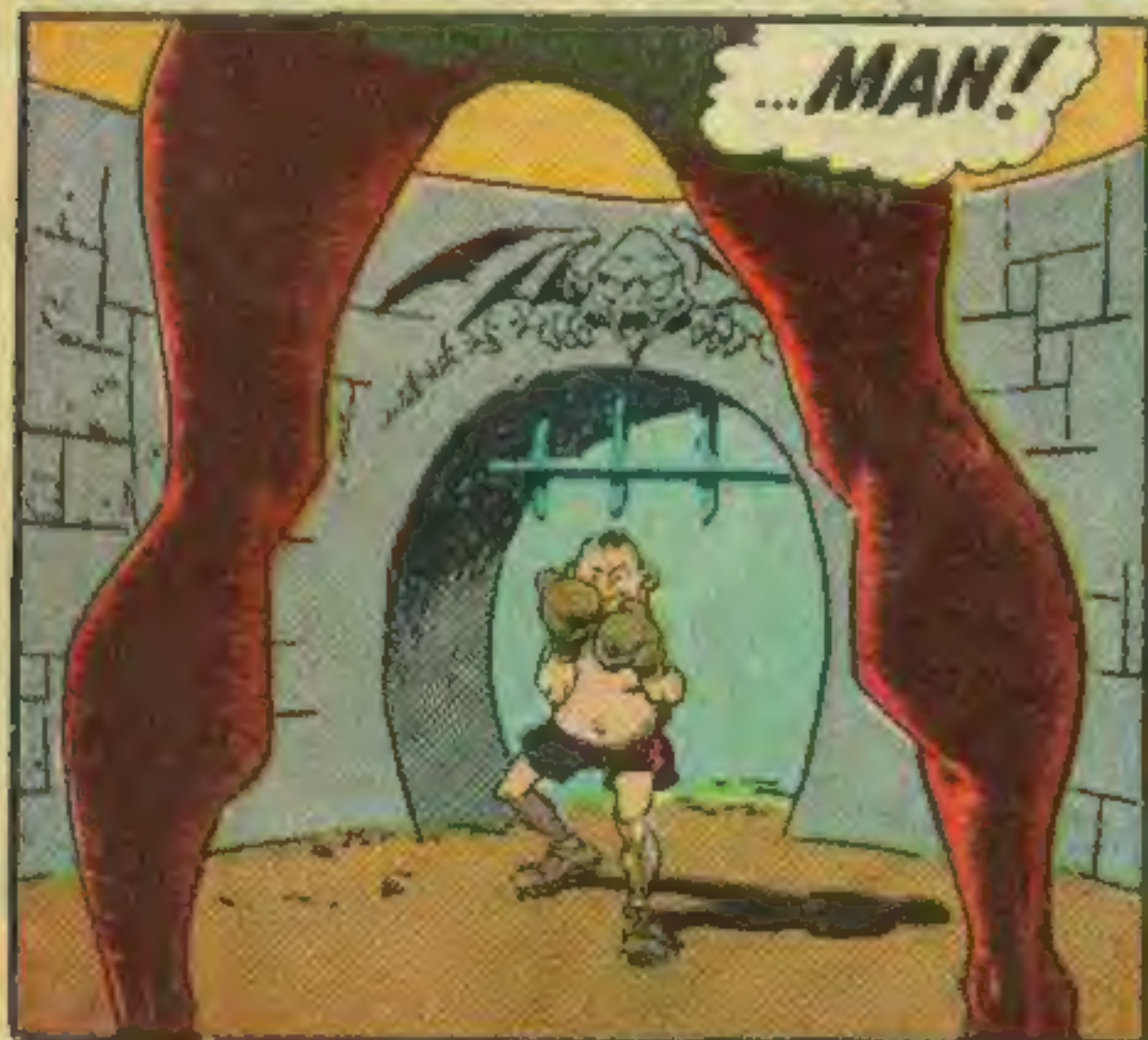
GULP!... THERE'S SOME-  
THING STANDING THERE!...  
COULD IT BE ANY WORSE  
THAN THE PALPITATING,  
LIMB-RIPPING  
ZILCHTRON?



GASP! I CAN SEE IT  
NOW... WORSE THAN  
THE ZORK... MORE  
TERRIBLE THAN THE  
ZORCHTON... MORE  
HORRIBLE THAN THE  
ZILCHTRON...  
IT'S... IT'S... IT'S...



...MAN!



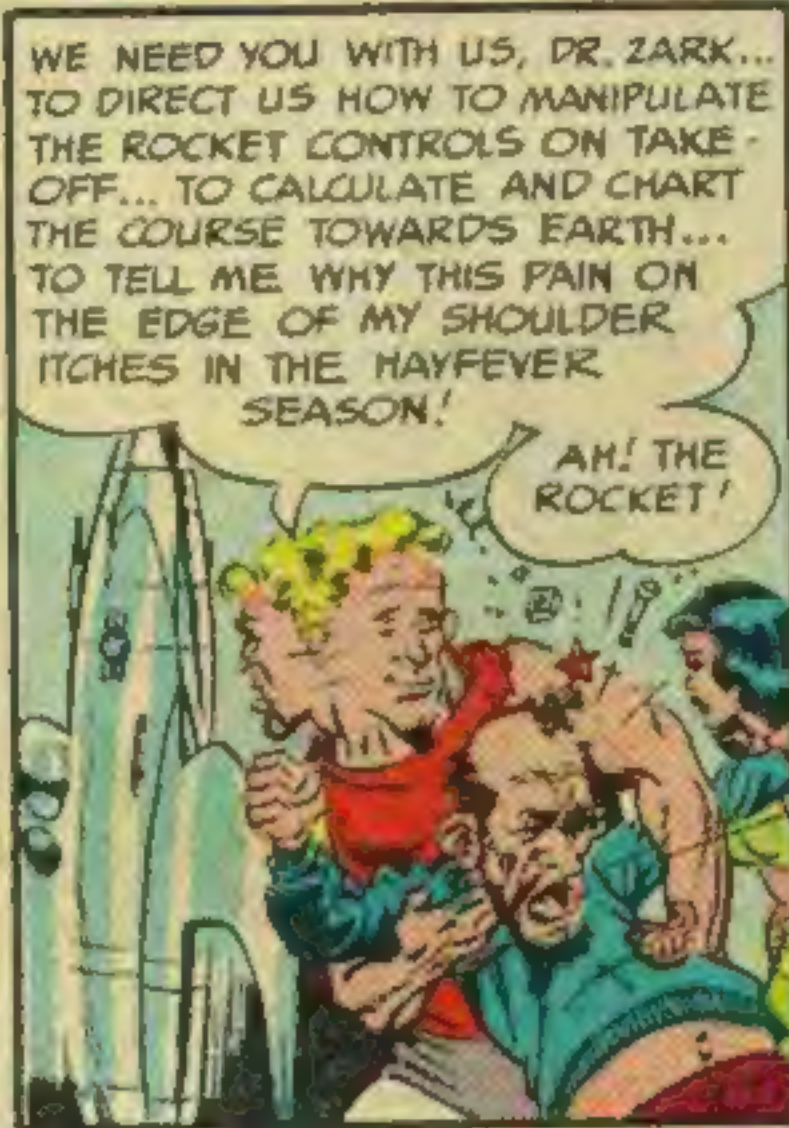
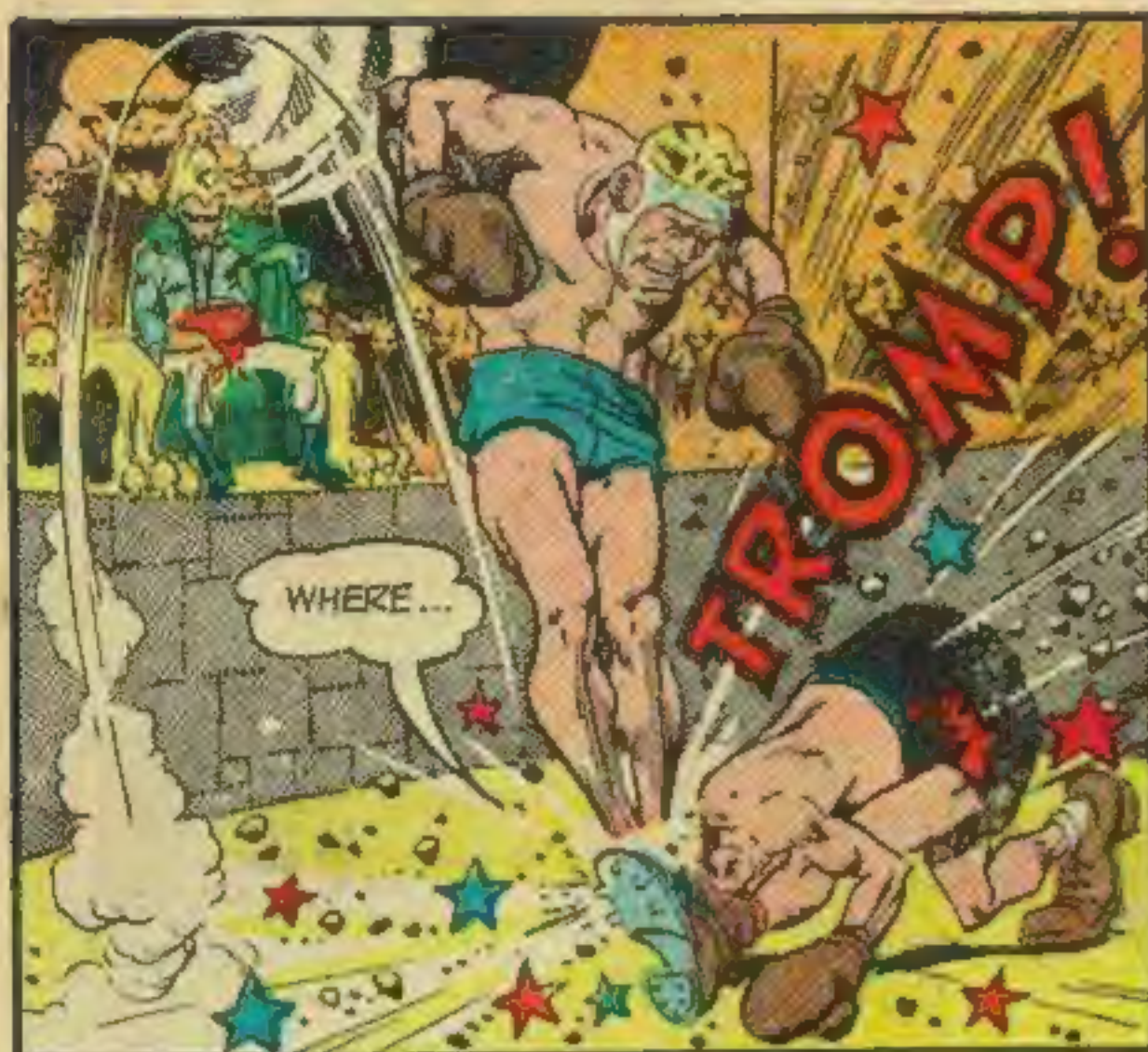
MAN! THE  
CLEVEREST.  
THE MOST  
DANGEROUS  
OF ALL LIV-  
ING ANIMALS.

...I MUST QUICKLY REVIEW ALL THE  
SKILLFUL BOXING TACTICS I  
LEARNED AT HEIDELBURG!... THE  
QUICK FEINT... THE DEFT JAB...  
HA! I'VE GOT IT! I'LL USE  
THE SUBTLEST, THE MOST  
SKILLFULLEST TACTIC OF ALL...

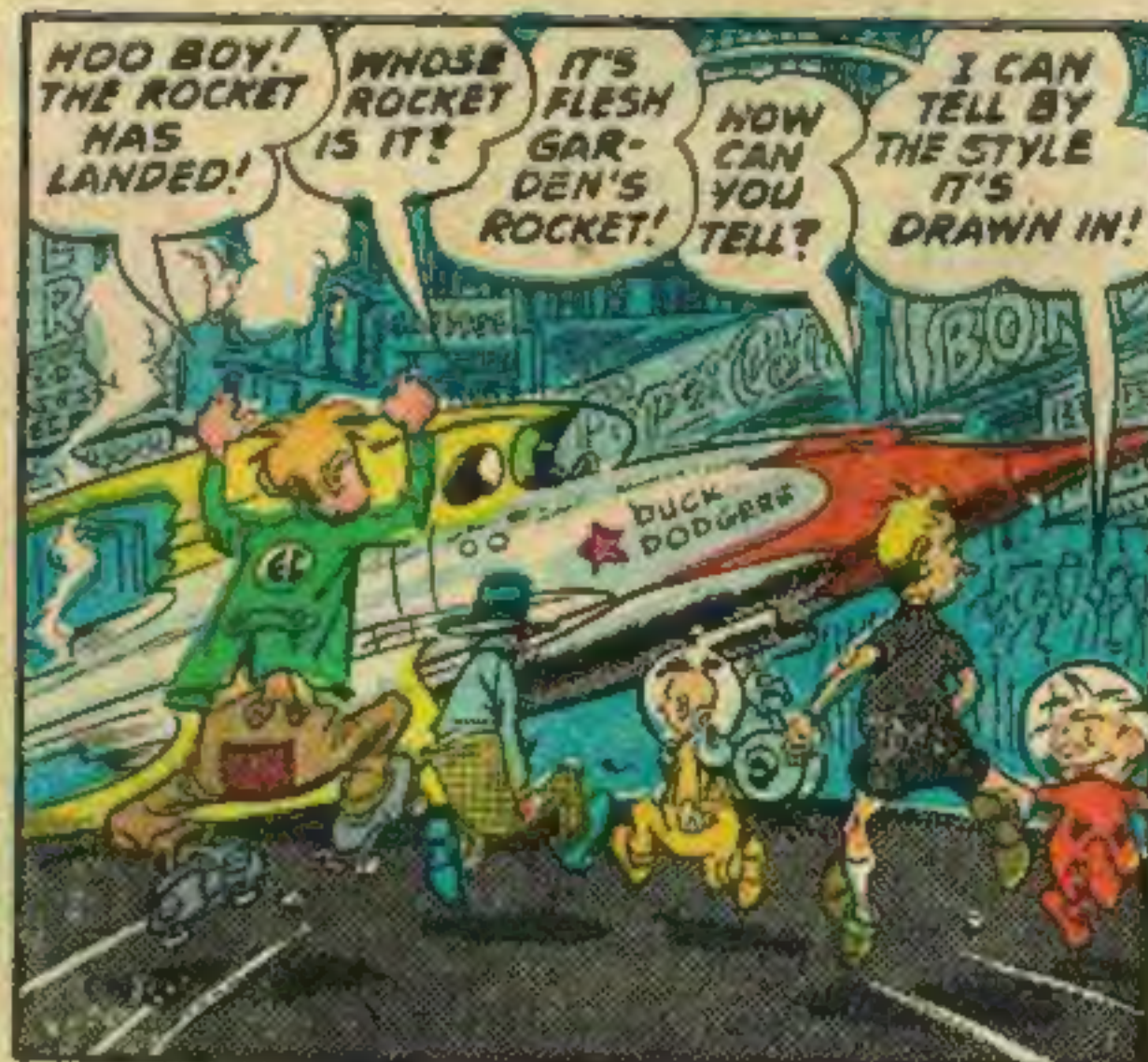
...HEY, KID...  
YER SHOELACE  
IS UNTIED!













SPECIAL FEATURE DEPT. ! DEAR READERS !...THE FOLLOWING SIX PAGES ARE SO DISGUSTING... SO NAUSEATING, THEY'LL MAKE YOU SICK FOR DAYS TO COME ! .....NOW THAT WE'VE AROUSED YOUR INTEREST...HERE'S A FEATURE ABOUT SOMEONE YOU KNOW VERY WELL !...VERY VERY WELL ! HERE IS A FEATURE ABOUT **YOU**...OUR...

# MAD READER!



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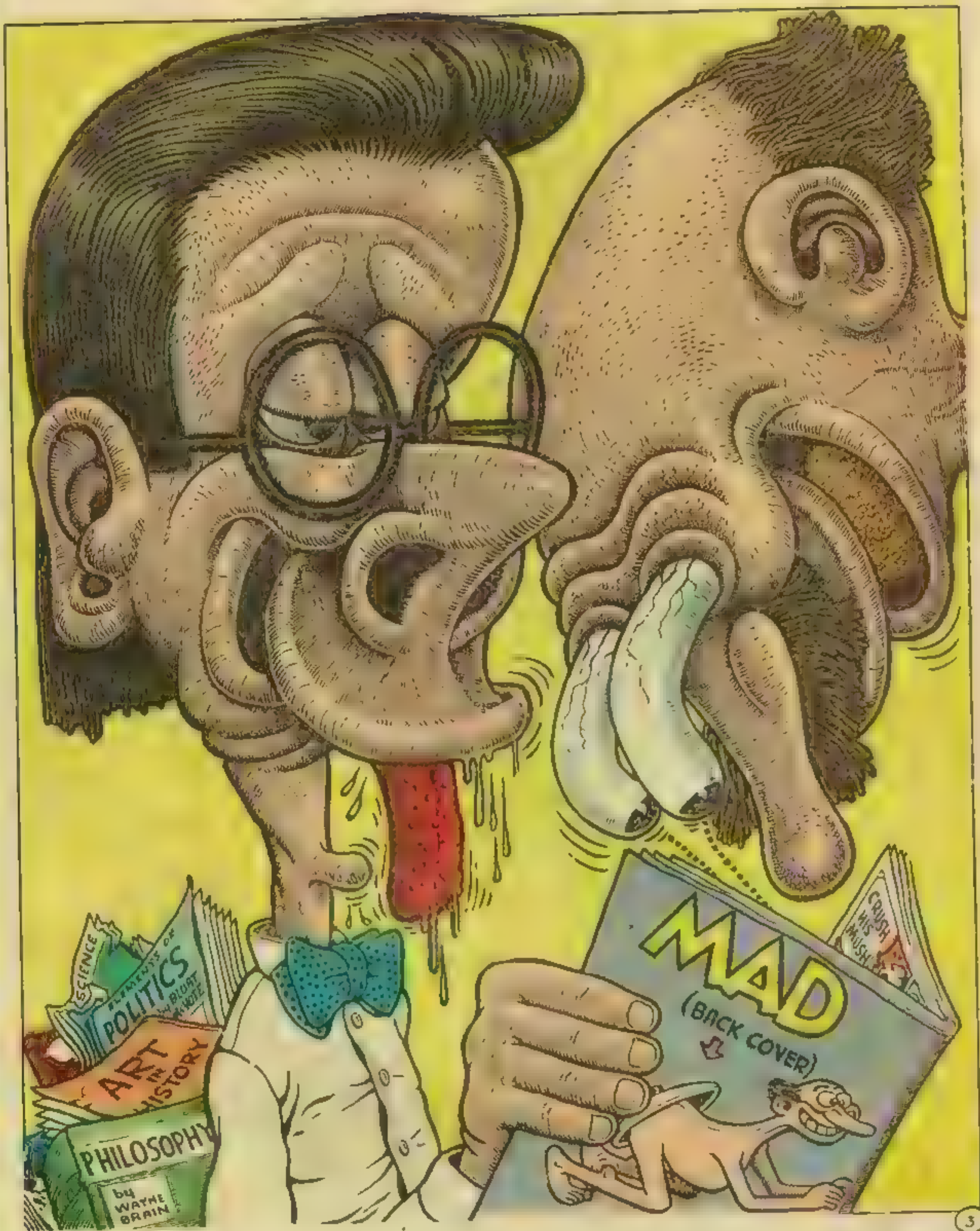
© ON THIS AND THE FOLLOWING FIVE PAGES ARE VIEWS OF WHAT WE, THE EDITORS OF MAD, BELIEVE TO BE A CROSS-SECTION OF THE PEOPLE WHO READ MAD!...AND SO, WHILE YOU WANDER THROUGH THE FOLLOWING PAGES, SMIRKING, GUFFAWING AND RETCHING AT WHAT YOU SEE...PAUSE A MOMENT! THE FACE YOU'RE RETCHING AT MAY BE YOUR OWN!





THE YOUNG MAD READER (WITH MOTHER AND FATHER): HERE IS A GOOD EXAMPLE OF THE CLEAN WHOLESOME AFFECT MAD HAS ON OUR YOUNG READERS! FOR INSTANCE, BEFORE READING MAD, THIS YOUNG MAN VERY OFTEN USED AN AXE ON HIS PLAYMATES! WHEN HE READ MAD, HE REALIZED HOW UGLY AND SORDID AXING HIS PLAYMATES WAS... SO NOW HE USES A PISTOL!





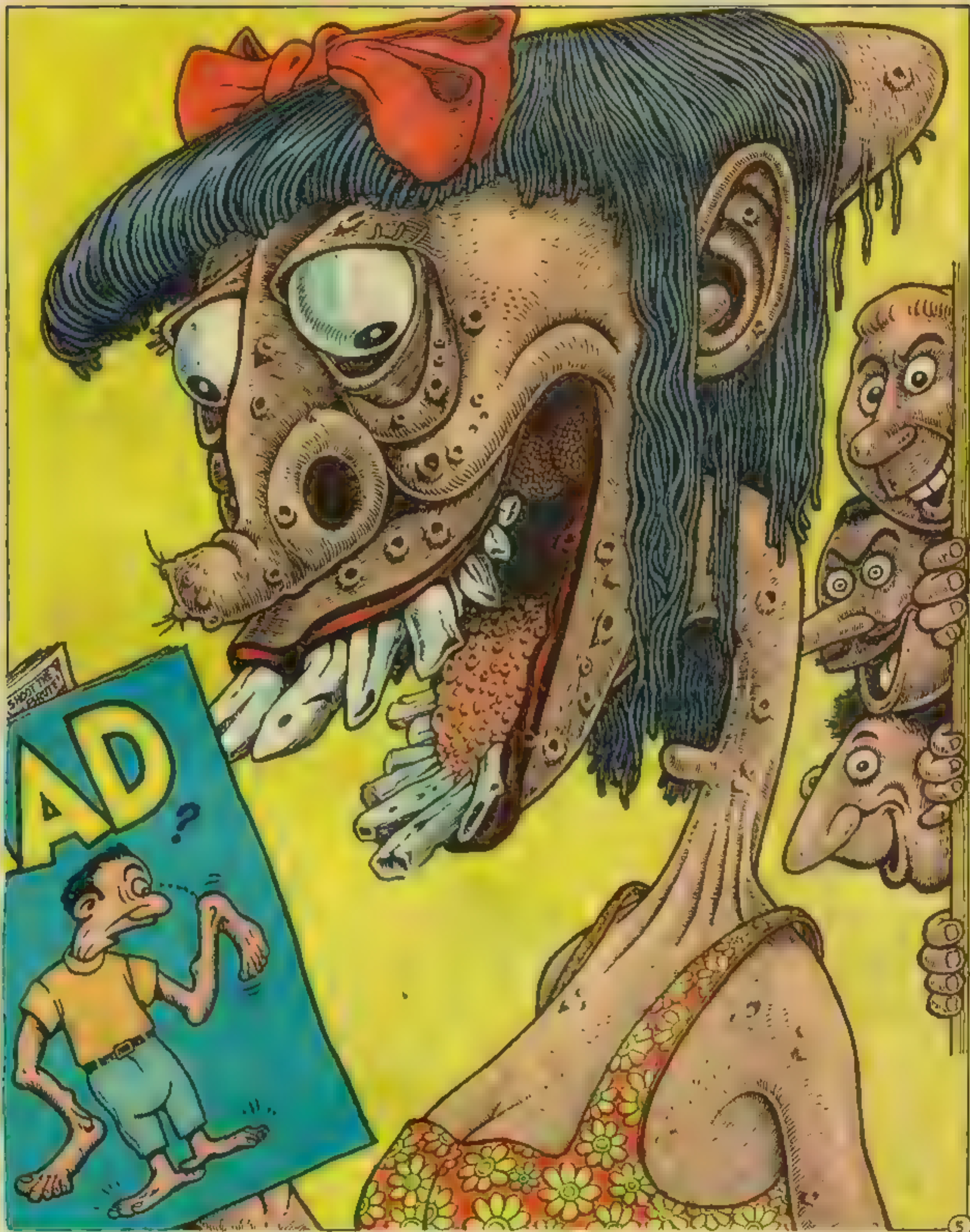
**THE STUDENT MAD READER (WITH TEACHER):** HERE IS THE INTELLECTUAL COLLEGE YOUTH! THIS FELLOW WAS A SERIOUS, SOBER, AVERAGE STUDENT... WELL VERSED IN THE CLASSICS WITH A SUCCESSFUL CAREER ASSURED. BEFORE READING *MAD*! READING *MAD* HAS BROUGHT ABOUT A HAPPY CHANGE IN THIS STUDENT! TODAY THIS STUDENT IS AN EMPTY DROOLING IDIOT. BUT NEVERTHELESS, A HAPPY EMPTY DROOLING IDIOT!





THE ELDERLY MAD READER MAD IS BY NO MEANS CONFINED TO THE YOUNGER SET! HERE IS AN ELDERLY MAN WHO, BEFORE READING MAD WAS CONFINED TO A WHEEL CHAIR... CONFINED TO A STRICT DIET OF SHREDDED WHEAT... AND CONFINED TO CONDENSED WATER! THEN HE READ MAD!.. NOW HE IS NO LONGER CONFINED TO A WHEEL CHAIR... NO LONGER CONFINED TO THE SHREDDED WHEAT... AND NO LONGER CONFINED TO THE CONDENSED WATER!.. HE IS MERELY... CONFINED!





**THE FEMALE MAD READER:** ...THIS YOUNG LADY HAD DISHPAN HANDS PERSPIRATION ODORS FROM ALL '13' A SEVERE CASE OF ACNE.. AND BOY-FRIENDS NEVER CAME TO CALL ON HER! THEN SHE BOUGHT **MAD**! NOW... SHE STILL HAS DISHPAN HANDS. PERSPIRATION ODORS FROM ALL '13'. A SEVERE CASE OF ACNE.. BUT BOY FRIENDS FLOCK TO CALL ON HER AND AS SOON AS THEY BLUDGEON HER INSENSIBLE AND PRY **MAD** LOOSE FROM HER VISE-LIKE GRIP..THEY FLOCK AWAY AGAIN!





THE CRITICAL MAD READER. FINALLY THERE ARE THOSE WHO READ AND DO NOT LIKE MAD! AND SO... IN ALL HONESTY WITH A FIRM BELIEF THAT EVERY ARGUMENT HAS TWO SIDES... IT IS WITH A SENSE OF FAIR PLAY AND CLEAN LIVING THAT WE PRESENT WITHOUT BIAS, WITHOUT RESENTMENT OR MALICE, AN UNPREJUDICED DRAWING OF SAID TYPE READER WHO... AFTER MUGGING THE ABOVE INFANT, IS BRUTALLY DESTROYING THE CHILD'S TREASURED COPY OF MAD!



# I Dreamed I Went to a Fraternity Smoker in my **PANIC MAGAZINE!**



I WAS UPLIFTED FROM THE DEPTHS OF DESPAIR BY THIS REVEALING EXPERIENCE! I LAUGHED SO HARD I ALMOST BUST THE BINDING! I WAS THE CENTER OF ATTRACTION... THE STAR. EVERYBODY WANTED TO DANCE WITH ME! I WAS RUSHED! SO BE POPULAR LIKE ME! WEAR **PANIC!** RUN DOWN AND GET INTO YOUR COPY AT YOUR LOCAL NEWSSTAND. IF YOU'RE THE SHY TYPE AND WOULD RATHER DRESS AT HOME, THEN YOU CAN SUBSCRIBE BY FILLING OUT THIS COUPON AND MAILING TO:

THE PANICKY EDITORS OF:  
**PANIC**  
 ROOM 106  
 225 LAFAYETTE ST  
 N.Y.C., 12, N.Y.

PLEASE SEND ME THE NEXT 8 ISSUES OF **PANIC** FOR WHICH I ENCLOSE ONE DOLLAR (\$1.00)

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_

ZONE \_\_\_\_\_

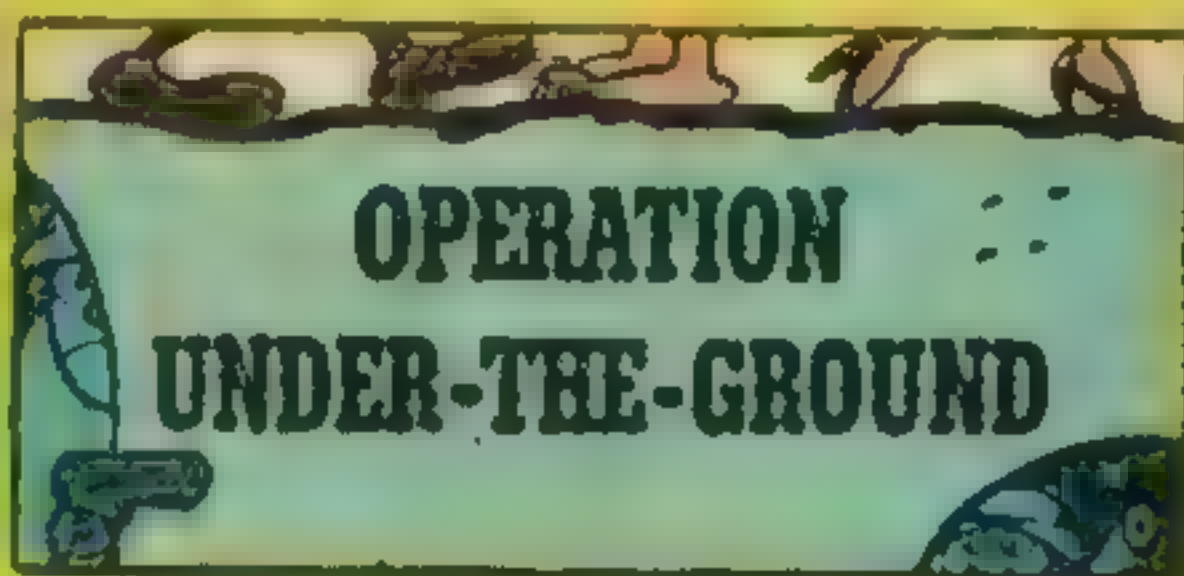
STATE \_\_\_\_\_



**CLOAK AND DAGGER DEPT.:** And now, chapter EIGHTY-SEVEN in the fantastic adventures of SECRET UNDER-MANHOLE-COVER AGENT FIVE FINGERS JONES!

*As you remember, in our last chapter... in our last chapter... say, what DID happen in our last chapter?*

*Oh yes... when we last saw Jones, he was in Moscow, spying, when a spy started spying on him. However, Jones spied the spy spying and soon was spying on the spying spy. You get the general idea. Well... the upshot of it all was that Jones finally was picked up by the BVD's and the BVD's brought him to the head of the BVD's, a man by the name of Lavrenti Buried... And that's the story up to now, gang! Miserable isn't it? Well... on to the next installment of...*



"Take him to the torture chamber. I haven't heard a human scream for a whole minute now," Lavrenti Buried says.

Jones is led away. As the most horrible screams issue from the torture chamber, Floppova Movova tells Buried of her suspicions of Jones being a spy. Buried gazes thoughtfully at the ceiling, through which hang the roots of a tree, and says, "We have been torturing him merely for drinking toasts to our heroes!"

"And what is wrong with drinking toasts to our heroes?" says Floppova.

"Out of a toaster?" says Buried! "Too bad my special 'trip-through-the-meat-grinder' torture is going to waste. Now we will have to give him the 'brain-wash' torture."

"What is so horrible about the 'brain-wash' torture?" says Floppova!

"The effect of boiling soap-water poured through a hole in the skull and swished around the living brain for a while is quite a thing to watch," says Buried.

Jones is brought in... the torture he has been through still evident by the powder burns about his mouth and the shredded stub of an exploding trick cigar still clenched between his teeth!

"You there, Tschesklavitchlabiscabonchomislavarichicaboomsko," says Buried! (Jones has been using the alias Tschesklavitchlabiscabonchomislavarichicaboomsko.)

"You there, Tschesklavitchlabiscabonchomislavarichicaboomsko," says Buried... falling down on the floor. (It's quite a strain to pronounce that name.) "Floppova here tells me you are a spy. What was your mission, snivelling coward?"

"You can't call me that!" says Jones, "I'm no snivelling coward... not *all* the time, just when I have this cold I'm a snivelling coward, otherwise, I'm just a plain, upstanding coward."

"Don't change the subject," screams Buried, pulling out a pistol and placing it against Jones' eyeball, "What was your mission?"

Floppova Movova screams and flops ova. Jones moves ova so Floppova can floppova. Buried tells Floppova to movova so when Jones flopsova, he won't floppova Floppova Movova. Buried keeps tightening his finger on the trigger! Jones keeps snivelling! Floppova keeps flopping!

Suddenly there's a loud bang, and...

. . . . .

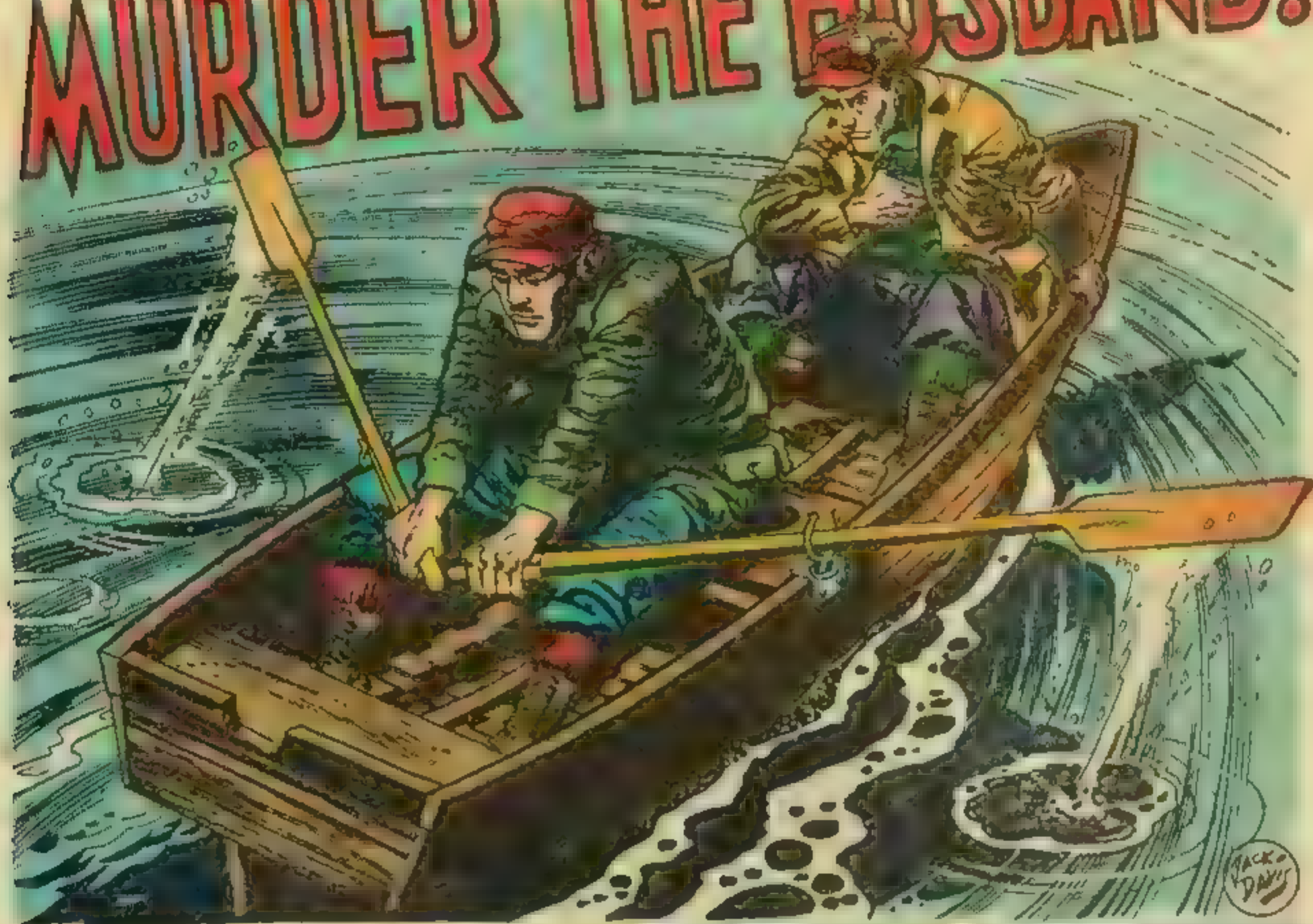
*... Well, now! A loud bang! What could that be? Could it be Buried firing his pistol? Could it be Jones smoking another trick cigar? Could it be Floppova flopping ova? Could it be you taking the easy way out?*

*Tune in next month, if you dare, to another ZORCH adventure of OPERATION-UNDER-THE-GROUND!*



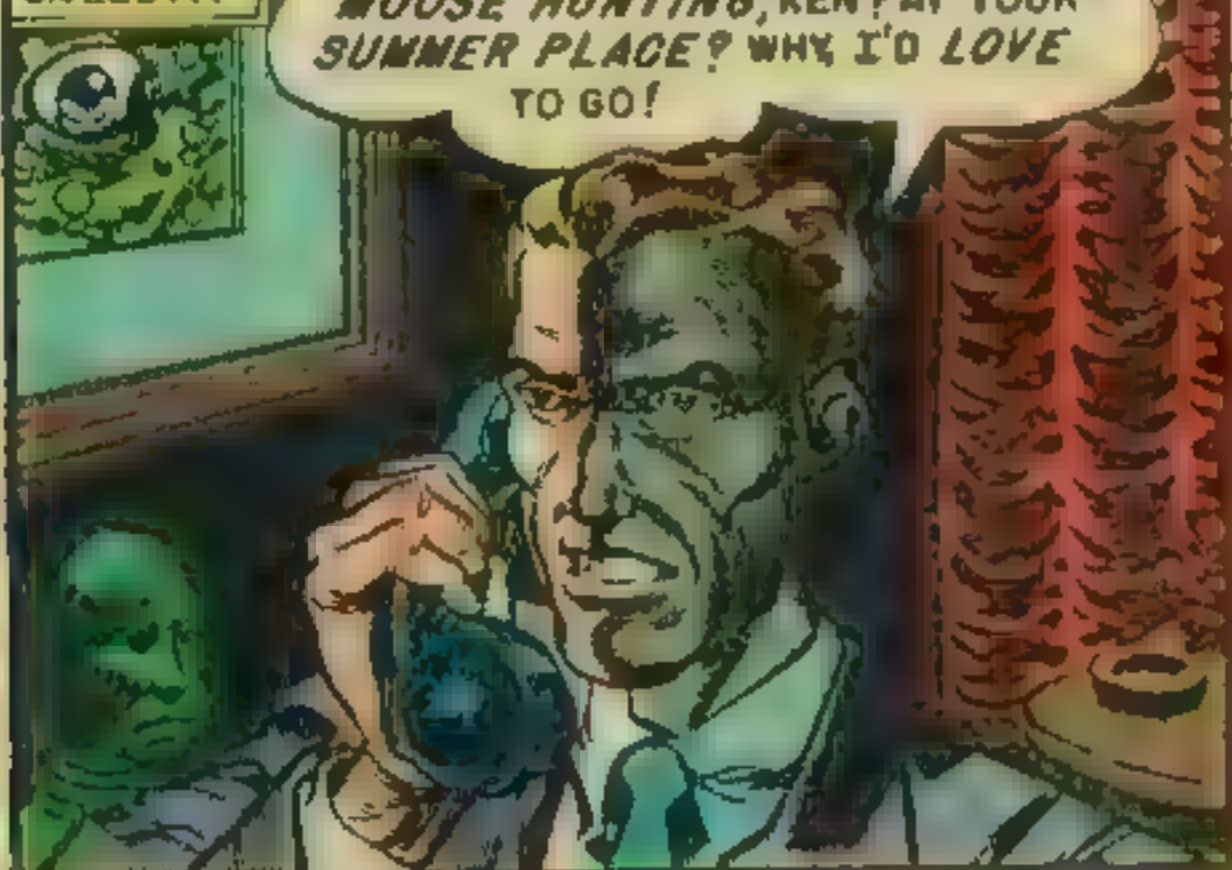
QUICKIE COMIC DEPT.: NOW, WE PRESENT A NEW FEATURE... A STORY PRESENTED IN TWO VERSIONS... THE FIRST VERSION BEING A TYPICAL COMIC-BOOK STORY THAT YOU MIGHT EVEN HAVE READ BEFORE!... THE SECOND VERSION BEING A TYPICAL 'MAD' INTERPRETATION OF THE FIRST VERSION! AND SO WE BEGIN WITH THE FIRST VERSION... CALLED...

# MURDER THE HUSBAND!



THE STORY BEGINS IN A SWANK BACHELOR'S APARTMENT! YOU'RE **WALTER GRAHAM**, AND YOU'RE MADLY IN LOVE WITH **KENNETH MARTIN'S** WIFE, **JEANNE**! YOU KNOW THE SITUATION IS **HOPELESS**... THAT **KEN** WOULD **NEVER** GIVE **JEANNE** A DIVORCE... SO YOU MAKE UP YOUR MIND TO **KILL** HIM! THAT'S WHY, WHEN **KEN** CALLS...

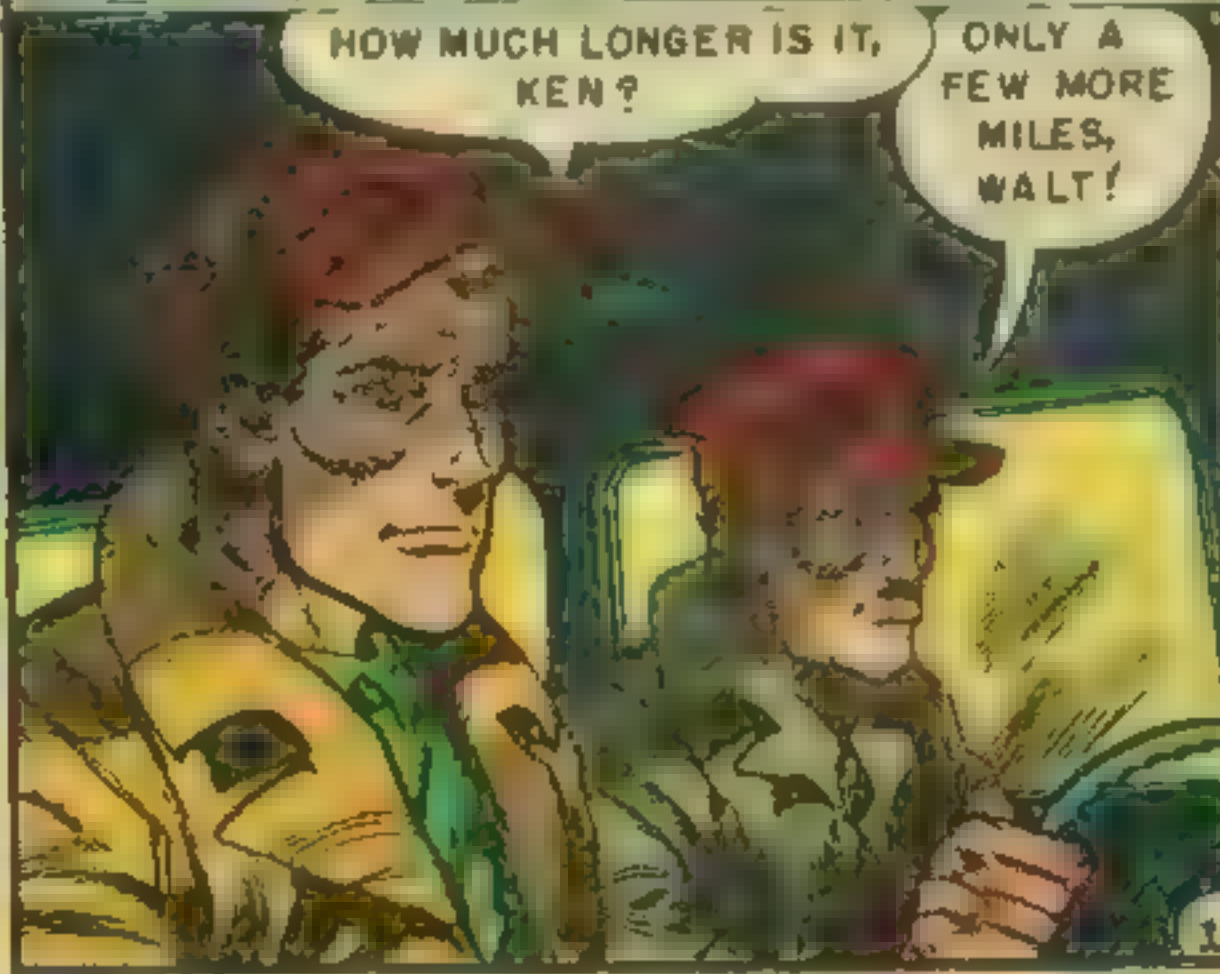
**MOOSE HUNTING, KEN? AT YOUR SUMMER PLACE? WHY, I'D LOVE TO GO!**



YOU **KNOW** ABOUT **KEN'S** SUMMER PLACE! YOU REMEMBER THE YEAR BEFORE... WHEN SOMEONE DROWNED UP THERE! THEY NEVER FOUND HIS BODY! THERE'S A SPOT IN THE LAKE THAT'S **SO DEEP** THEY CAN'T **DRAW** FOR A BODY! SO YOU MAKE YOUR PLANS...

HOW MUCH LONGER IS IT, KEN?

ONLY A FEW MORE MILES, WALT!

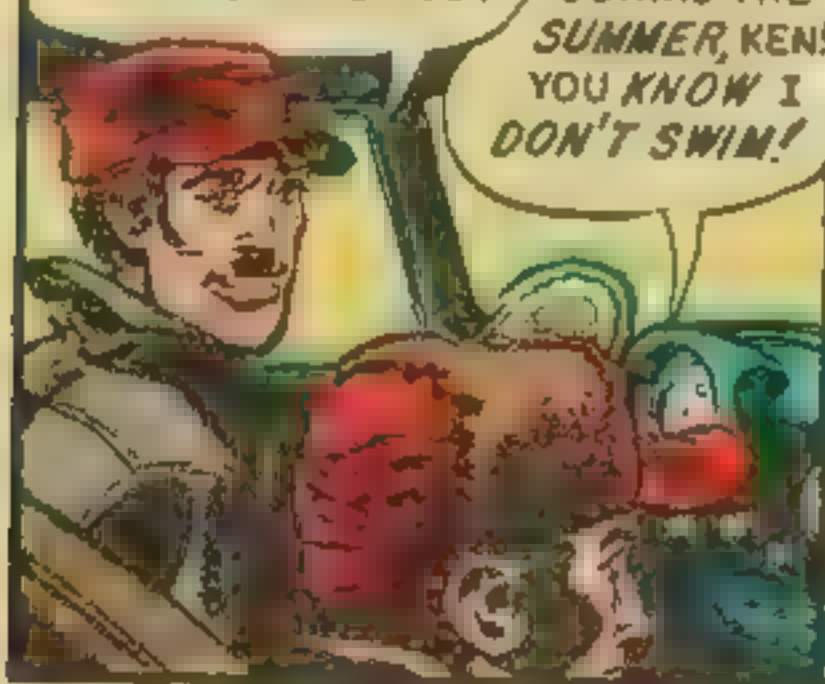




ALL THE WAY UP TO THE LODGE, YOU FINGER THE REVOLVER YOU'VE BOUGHT FOR THE PURPOSE! YOU'RE *NERVOUS*, AREN'T YOU, WALTER? IT'S A *DESPERATE* PLAN, ISN'T IT?...

WELL, HERE WE ARE, WALT! SAY, YOU'VE NEVER *BEEN* HERE BEFORE, HAVE YOU?

NOT MUCH SENSE COMIN' UP DURING THE *SUMMER*, KEN! YOU *KNOW* I *DON'T* SWIM!



THAT'S WHY IT'S SUCH A *DESPERATE* PLAN, EH, WALTER? YOU *CAN'T* SWIM A STROKE... AND YET YOU *PLAN* ON HAVING A *BOATING ACCIDENT*! OR, AT LEAST, *KEN* WILL HAVE A *BOATING ACCIDENT*...

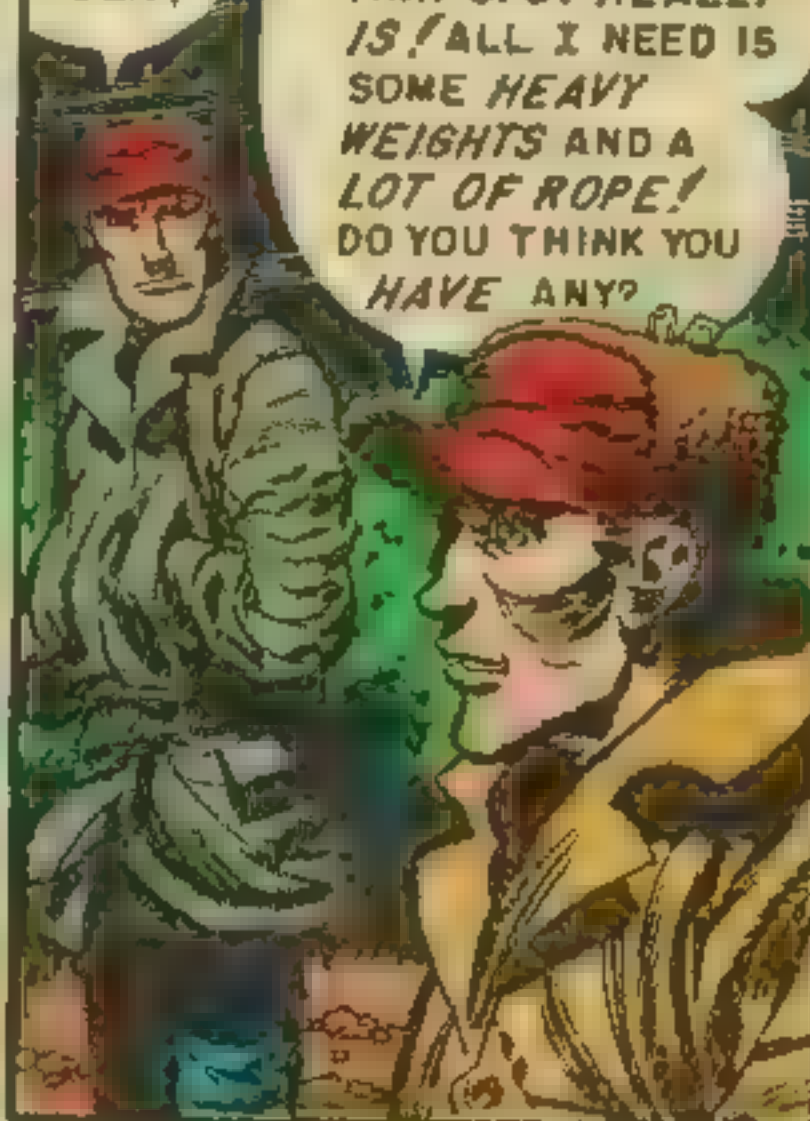
SAY, KEN! HOW ABOUT ROWING OUT TO THAT *BOTTOMLESS* SPOT IN THE LAKE? I HAVE AN *IDEA*!

SURE THING, WALT! IT'S TOO LATE TO DO ANY *HUNTING* TODAY ANYWAY!



WHAT'S YOUR *IDEA*?

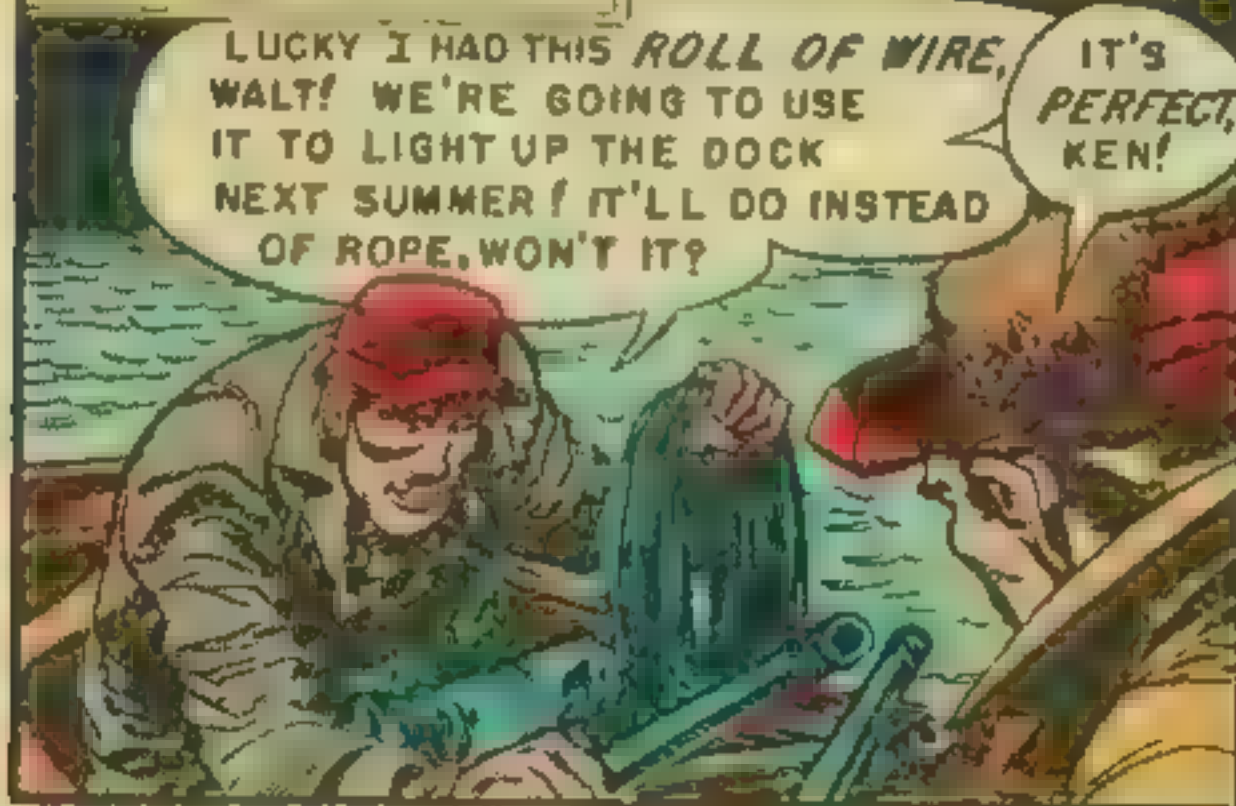
I'D LIKE TO FIND OUT JUST *HOW DEEP* THAT SPOT *REALLY IS*! ALL I NEED IS SOME *HEAVY WEIGHTS* AND A *LOT OF ROPE*! DO YOU THINK YOU *HAVE* ANY?



YOU'RE PRETTY *CLEVER*, AREN'T YOU, WALTER? KEN NEVER *SUSPECTS* THE *REAL* REASON YOU NEED THE *WEIGHTS* AND THE *ROPE*, DOES HE? IT ISN'T LONG BEFORE YOU'RE *OUT* THERE... THE *TWO* OF YOU... *OVER THE SPOT*...

LUCKY I HAD THIS *ROLL OF WIRE*, WALT! WE'RE GOING TO USE IT TO *LIGHT UP* THE DOCK NEXT *SUMMER*! IT'LL DO INSTEAD OF *ROPE*, WON'T IT?

IT'S *PERFECT*, KEN!



THERE'S OVER *TWO HUNDRED FEET* HERE! FRANKLY, I *DON'T* THINK IT'LL BE *LONG ENOUGH*!

IT'S LONG ENOUGH FOR WHAT I HAVE IN MIND, KEN! AND THESE *HEAVY PIPES* WILL DO *FINE*!



YOU PULL OUT YOUR *REVOLVER* AND YOU WATCH KEN'S FACE *PALE*! HE *STARES* AT YOU... *DUMB-FOUNDED*...

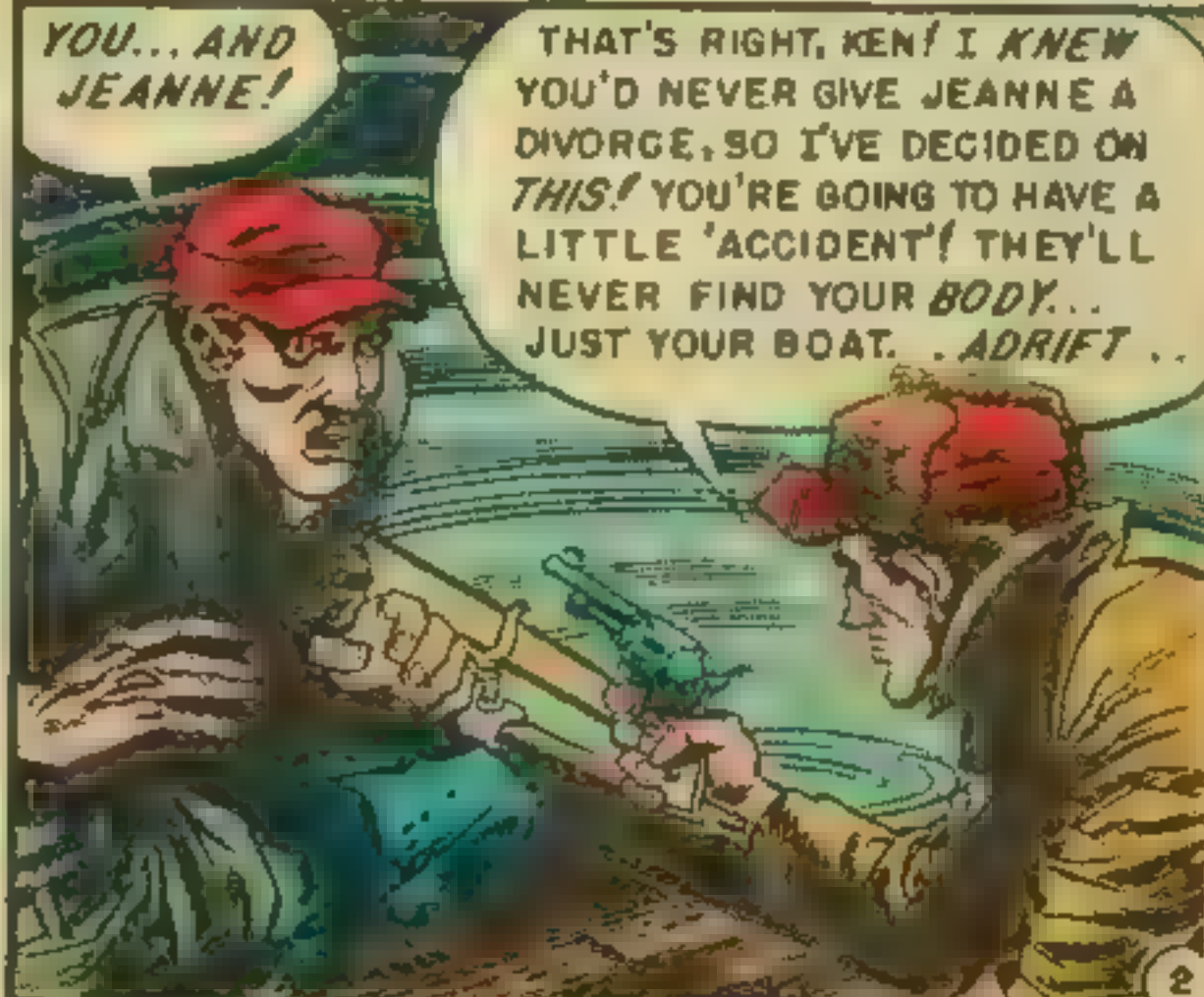
WALT! I... I *DON'T* GET IT! WHY THE *GUN*?

I'M GOING TO *KILL* YOU, KEN! IT'S THE *ONLY WAY*! *JEANNE* AND I ARE *IN LOVE*!



YOU... AND *JEANNE*!

THAT'S RIGHT, KEN! I *KNEW* YOU'D NEVER GIVE *JEANNE* A *DIVORCE*, SO I'VE DECIDED ON *THIS*! YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE A *LITTLE 'ACCIDENT'*! THEY'LL NEVER FIND YOUR *BODY*... JUST YOUR *BOAT*... *ADRIFT*...





AND THEY'LL KNOW I DIDN'T GO OUT ON THE LAKE WITH YOU. BECAUSE I'M AFRAID OF BOATS! I CAN'T SWIM!

YOU'RE CRAZY, WALT! THIS IS INSANE!



AFTER I SHOOT YOU, I'M GOING TO TIE THESE HEAVY PIPES TO YOUR BODY AND THROW YOU OVERBOARD... THEN ROW BACK AND SET THE BOAT ADrift!

WAIT, WALT! PLEASE! I...



BUT YOU DON'T WAIT, DO YOU WALTER? YOU SQUEEZE THE TRIGGER AND WATCH KEN'S EXPRESSION FREEZE AS THE SLUG RIPS INTO HIM...



THE BULLET DOESN'T QUITE DO THE JOB, DOES IT, WALT? KEN LUNGES AT YOU, COUGHING UP BLOOD...

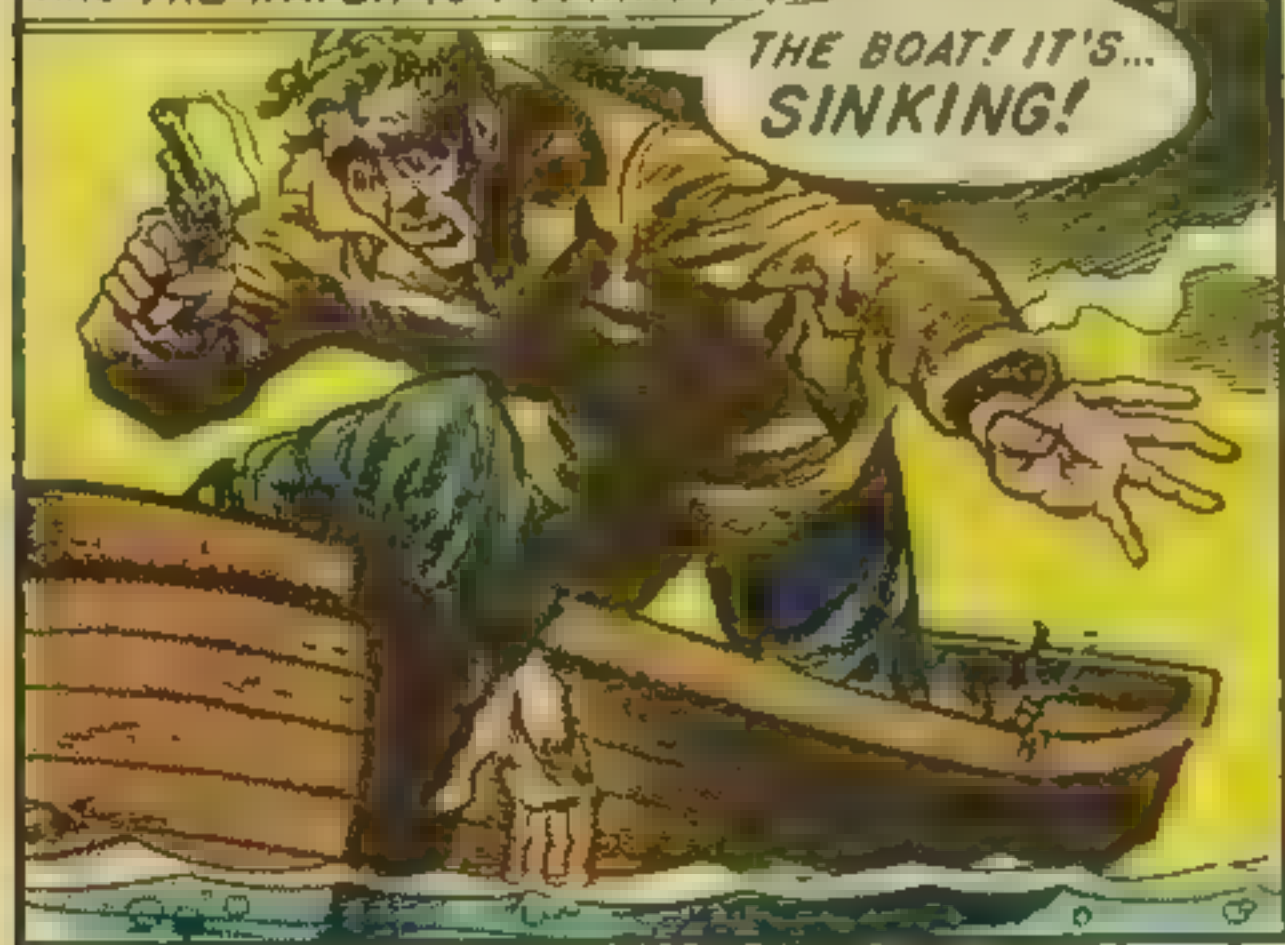


BUT HE'S WEAK, AND YOU'RE ABLE TO ROLL OVER ON TOP OF HIM! YOU'RE ANGRY! YOU PUMP THE REMAINING BULLETS INTO HIS TWITCHING BODY...



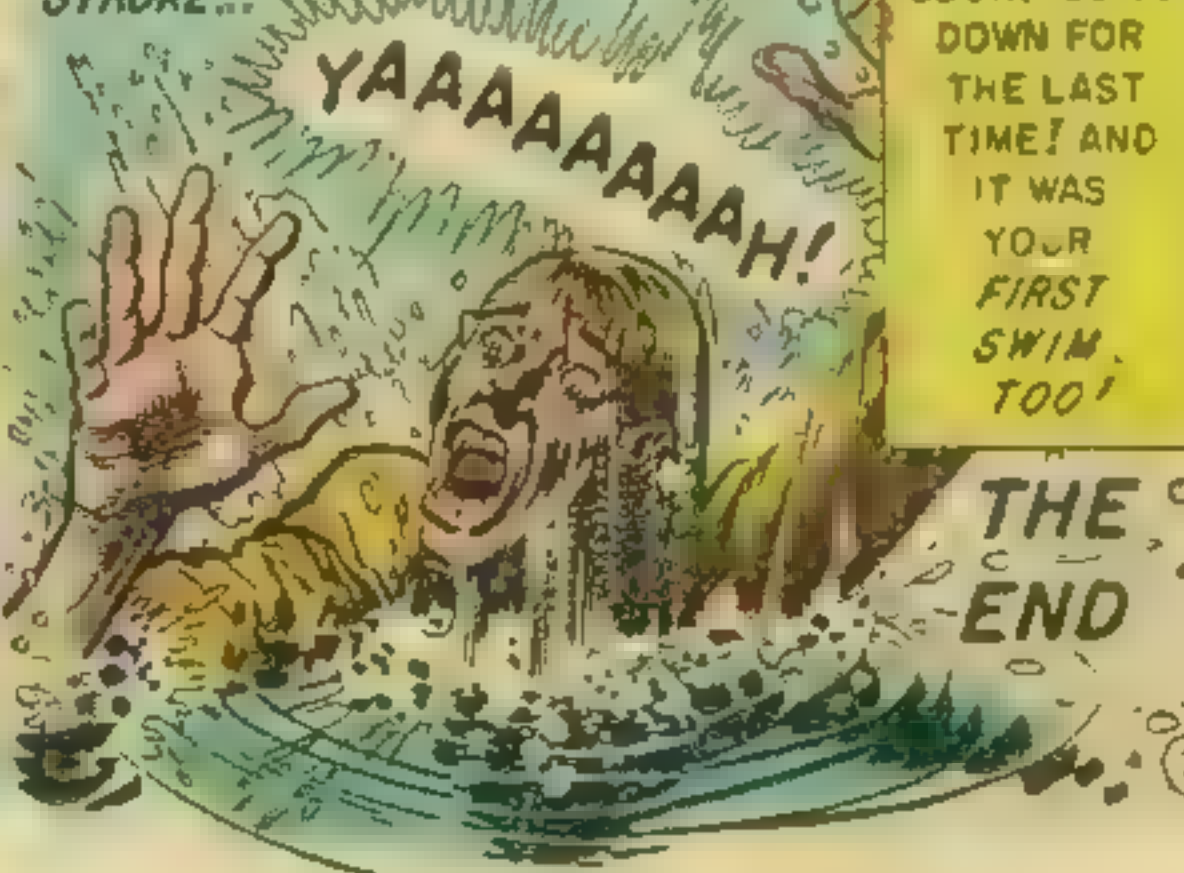
AND THEN YOU FEEL THE WATER SOAKING YOUR KNEES! THE LAST FIVE SHOTS HAVE TORN THROUGH KEN'S BODY, SPLINTERING THE FUMSY BOARDS OF THE ROW-BOAT... AND THE WATER IS POURING IN...

THE BOAT! IT'S... SINKING!



THE BOAT IS LADEN DOWN WITH THE HEAVY PIPES! IT'S SINKING QUICKLY! YOU TRY TO DUMP THEM... BUT YOU CAN'T ACT FAST ENOUGH! THE BOAT GOES DOWN... AND YOU'RE IN THE WATER... AND YOU CAN'T SWIM A STROKE...

THE WATER POURS INTO YOUR GULPING MOUTH... FILLS YOUR AIR-STARVED LUNGS! SOON, YOU GO DOWN FOR THE LAST TIME! AND IT WAS YOUR FIRST SWIM, TOO!





WE TRUST YOU ENJOYED THE FIRST VERSION AND NOW FOR THE SECOND VERSION WHICH IS *MAD'S* VERSION OF THE FIRST VERSION... THE *MAD* VERSION BEING LIKE THE FIRST VERSION... 3 PAGES FOR THE FIRST VERSION AND 3 PAGES FOR THE *MAD* VERSION.. THAT IS... THREE PAGES PER VERSION!  
 ...AND THAT'S WHAT THIS STORY IS... PERVERSION!  
 ...THIS STORY CALLED...

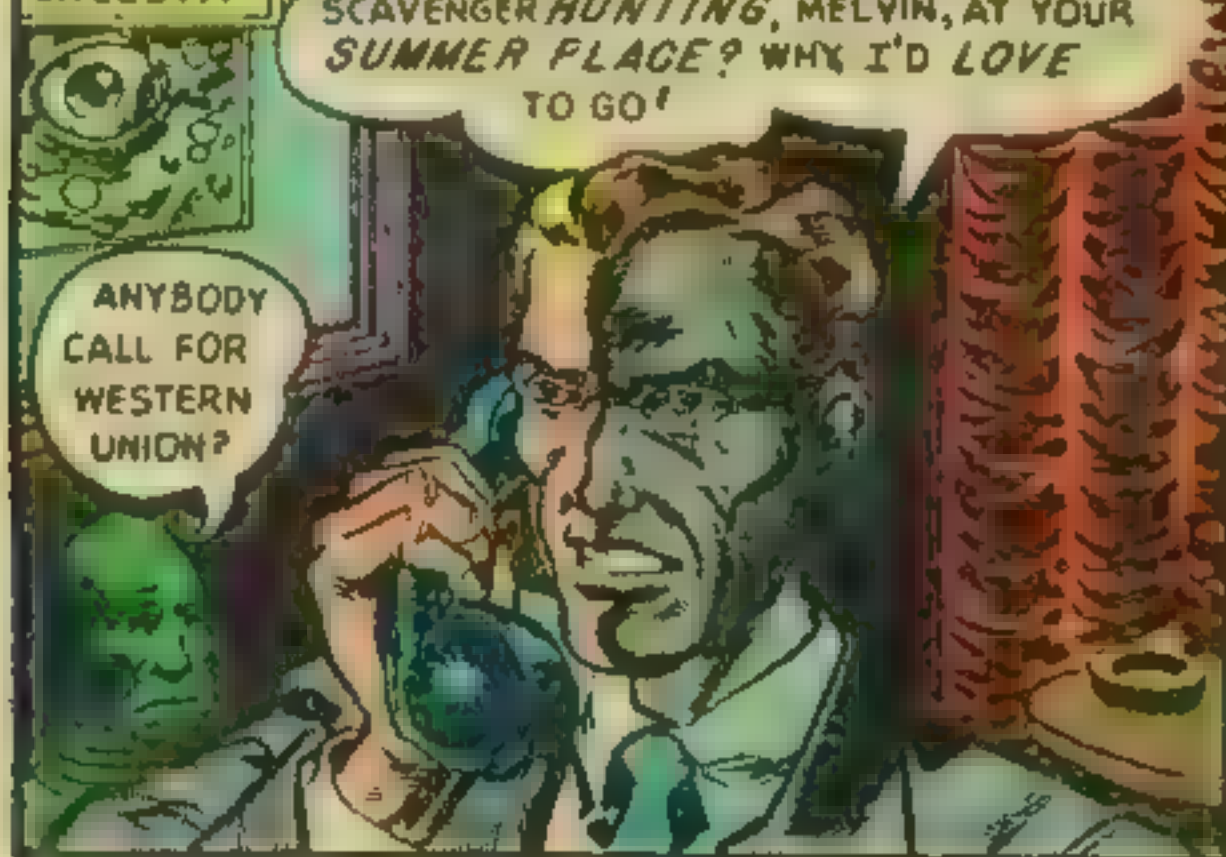
# MURDER THE STORY!



THE STORY BEGINS IN A SWANK BACHELOR'S APARTMENT! YOU'RE CRACKER *GRAHAM*, AND YOU'RE MADLY IN LOVE WITH MELVIN MARTIN'S ROW-BOAT, JEANNE! YOU KNOW THE SITUATION IS *HOPELESS*. THAT KEN WOULD NEVER GIVE THE ROW-BOAT A DIVORCE SO YOU MAKE UP YOUR MIND TO *KILL HIM*! THAT'S WHY, WHEN MELVIN CALLS...

SCAVENGER HUNTING, MELVIN, AT YOUR SUMMER PLACE? WHY I'D LOVE TO GO!

ANYBODY CALL FOR WESTERN UNION?



YOU *KNOW* ABOUT MELVIN'S SUMMER PLACE! YOU REMEMBER THE YEAR BEFORE... WHEN SOMEONE DROWNED UP THERE! THEY NEVER FOUND HIS BODY! THERE'S A SPOT IN THE LAKE THAT'S *SO DEEP* THEY CAN'T DRAG FOR A BODY! SO YOU MAKE YOUR PLANS...

THAT BODY HAD A POCKET FULL OF INDIAN-GUM TICKETS! I *NEED* THEM TICKETS TO COMPLETE MY SET! MAYBE WE CAN GET 'EM WITH DIVING HELMETS!

風和光緒大商  
務院拍賣小報  
快報字中國電  
報局司內案吉





ALL THE WAY UP TO THE LODGE, YOU FINGER THE REVOLVER YOU'VE BOUGHT FOR THE PURPOSE! IT'S A HOPALONG CASSIDY REVOLVER! YOU FINGER IT THINKING WHAT FUN IT'LL BE SHOOTING PAPER CAPS!

竹湯冒洗銀大  
筆飽記滑大貨對  
綠油墨牛生海冬  
紅飽飽用細此或

NOT MUCH SENSE COMIN' UP DURING THE SUMMER, MELVIN! ANYBODY KNOWS A SUMMER PLACE IS BETTER IN THE WINTER!



THAT'S WHY IT'S SUCH A DESPERATE PLAN, EH, CRACKER? A SUMMER PLACE REALLY *ISN'T* BETTER IN THE WINTER... AND YET YOU PLAN TO GO SWIMMING FOR THEM INDIAN GUM TICKETS

SAY, MELVIN! HOW ABOUT ROWING OUT TO THAT BOTTOMLESS SPOT IN THE LAKE? I HAVE AN IDEA!

της τελετης  
προεβλεπεν  
δ Σελ.  
Αρχιεπισκοπο  
Μεγαλοπρεπει  
πειθαισαι διδα  
σκειν το  
επιστημον



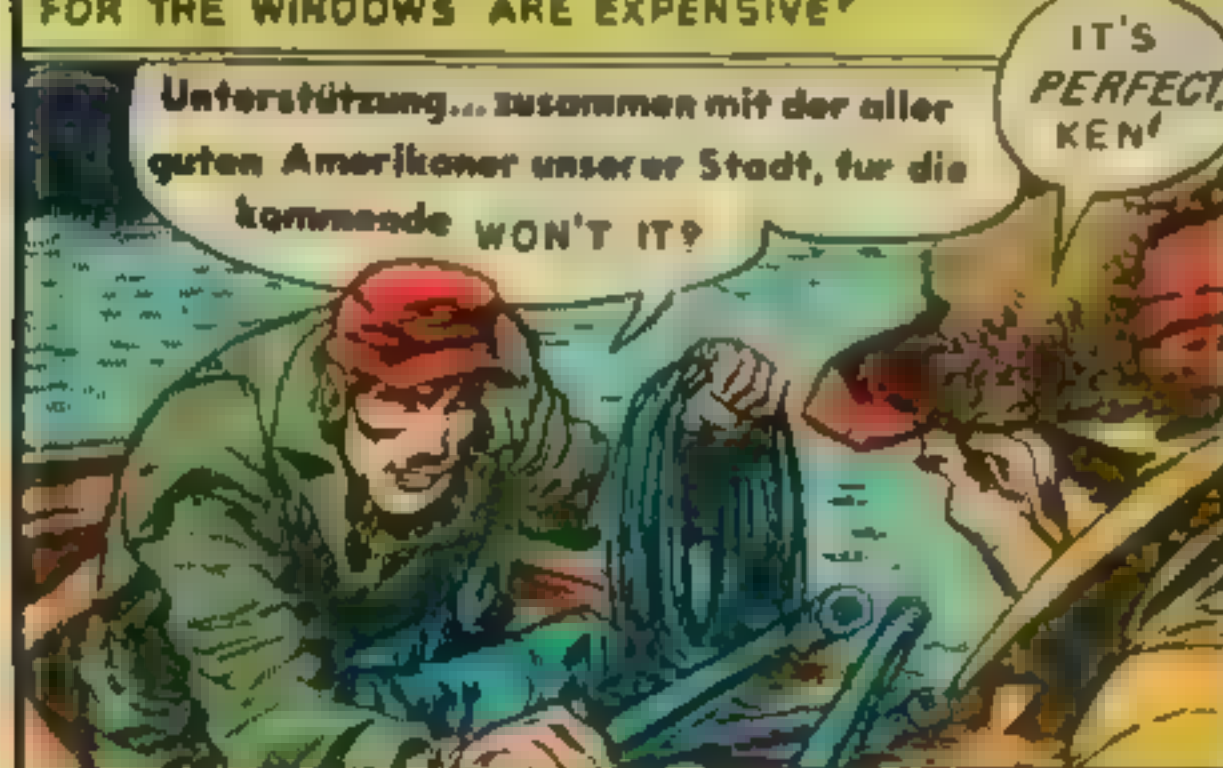
I'D LIKE TO BUILD A *BOTTOM* ON THAT BOTTOMLESS SPOT! ... ALL I NEED IS SOME *HEAVY WEIGHTS* AND A LOT OF ROPE! DO YOU THINK YOU HAVE ANY?



YOU'RE PRETTY *CLEVER*, AREN'T YOU, GRAHAM? MEL NEVER *SUSPECTS* THE *REAL* REASON YOU NEED THE WEIGHTS AND THE ROPE, DOES HE? HE DOESN'T SUSPECT YOU HAVE TO FIX THE WINDOWS IN YOUR BACHELOR APARTMENT AND WEIGHTS AND ROPE FOR THE WINDOWS ARE EXPENSIVE!

Unterstützung... zusammen mit der aller guten Amerikaner unserer Stadt, für die kommende WON'T IT?

IT'S PERFECT, KEN!



КИТАЯ В СОСТАВ ПРОТИВ ДОПУЩЕНИЯ INDIAN GUM TICKETS?

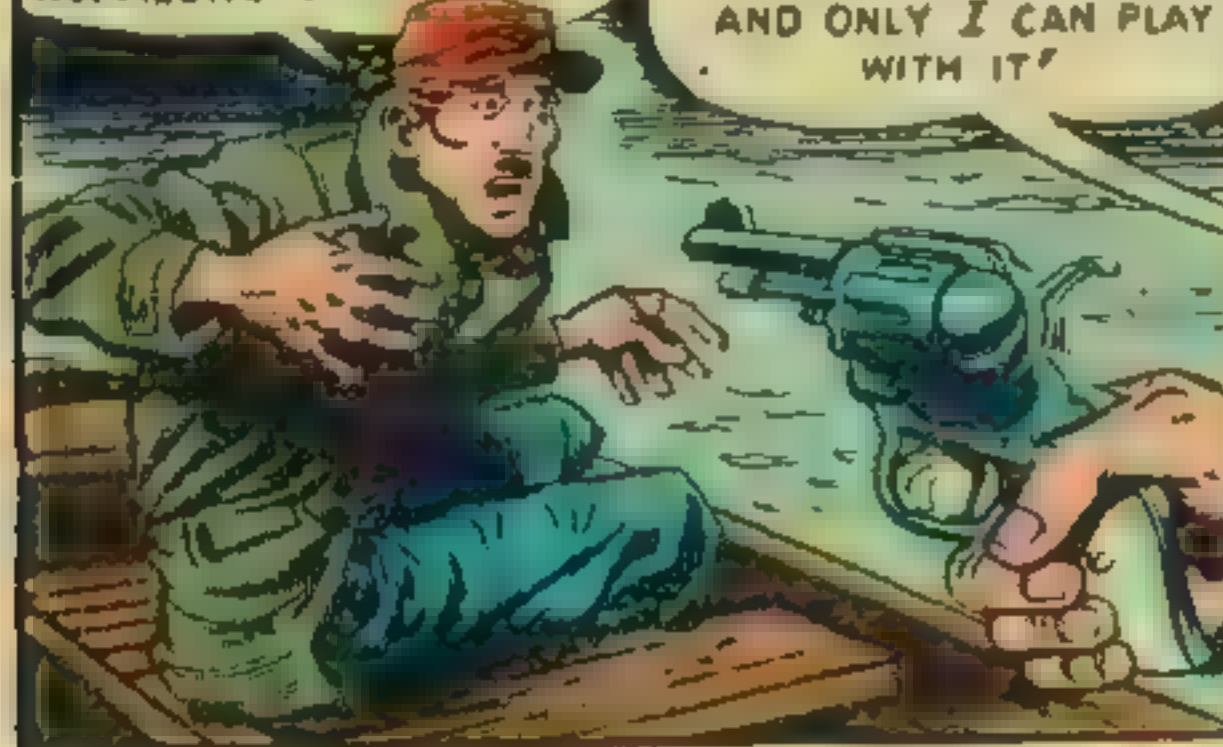
NO SIR!... WE SPLIT THOSE TICKETS FIFTY-FIFTY EVEN THOUGH THIS *IS* YOUR SUMMER PLACE!



YOU PULL OUT YOUR REVOLVER AND YOU WATCH MELVIN'S FACE PALE! HE STARES AT YOU. . DUMB-FOUNDED...

דאנערשטען  
טאג צו חזרה אין סאטמאר  
הופאלונג קאסידי?

YES, A HOPALONG CASSIDY 'CAP-PISTOL AND ONLY I CAN PLAY WITH IT!



Potrziebie

NO YOU CAN'T SHOOT IT! ALL THE TIME I'VE KNOWN HOW MUCH YOU WANTED A HOPALONG CASSIDY 'CAP-PISTOL... BUT I BOUGHT THE LAST ONE IN THE CANDY STORE!







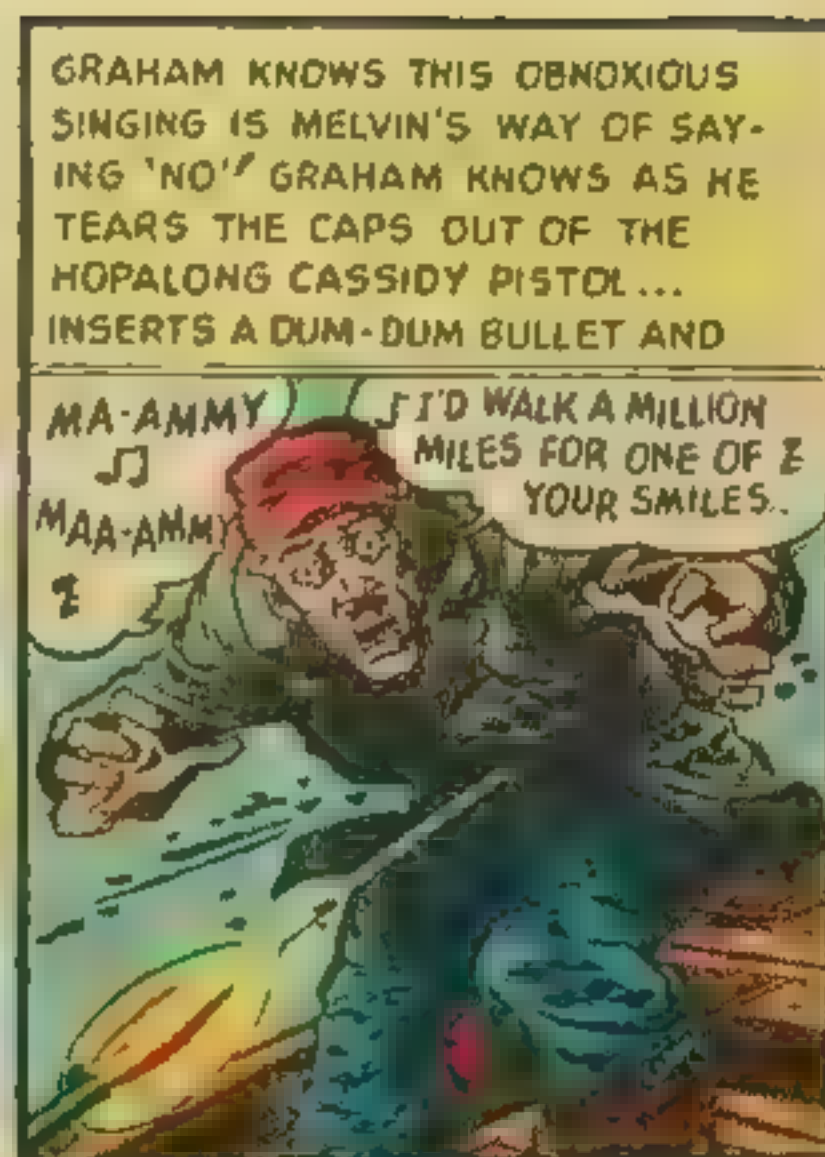
BUT I'LL MAKE A FAIR TRADE!... LET ME HAVE THIS ROW-BOAT AND YOUR SHARE OF INDIAN-GUM TICKETS!

...WAAY DOWN UPON THE SWA'NEE RI-VER?



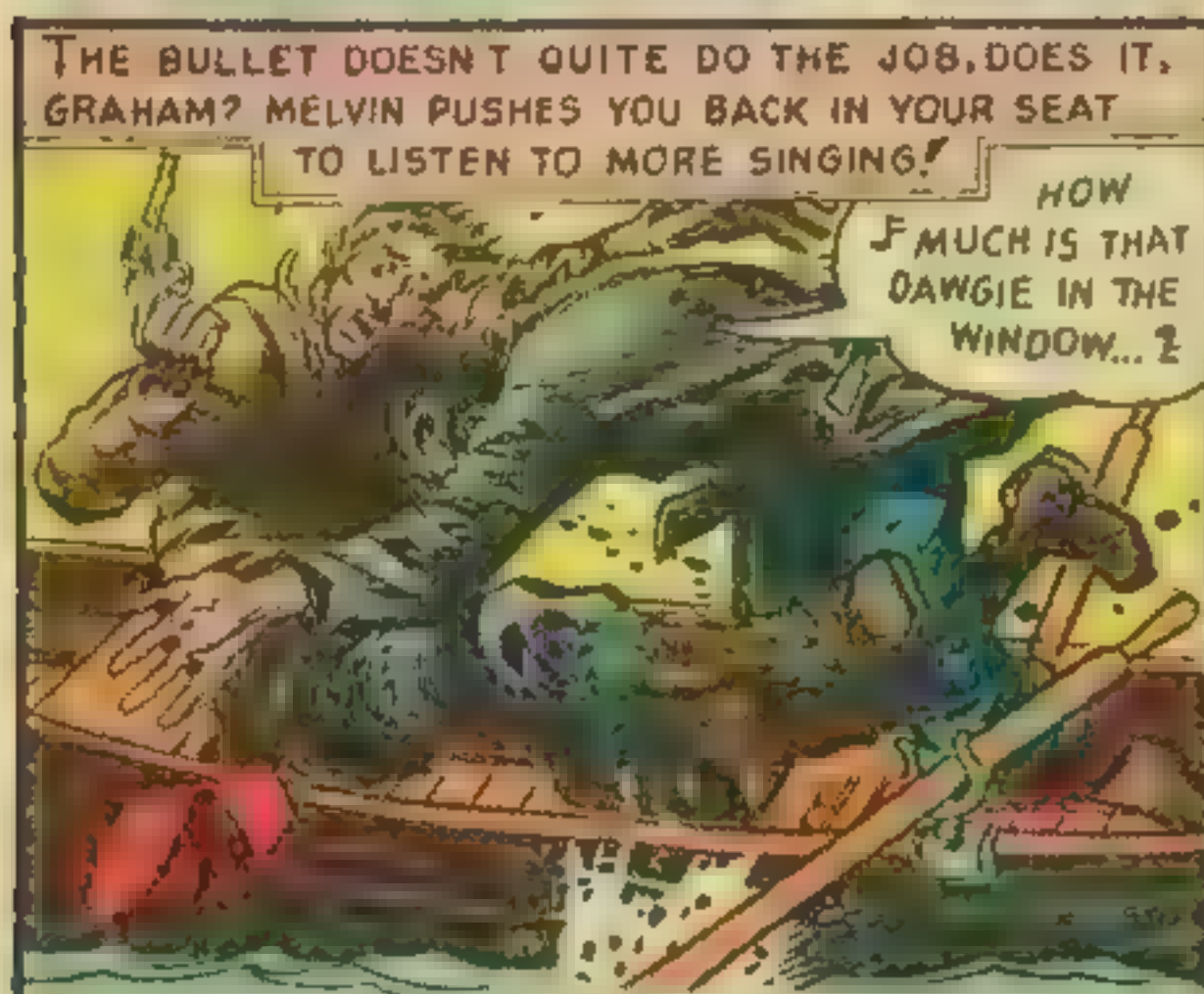
WHAT DO YOU SAY? A FAIR TRADE! THIS CAP-PISTOL FOR YOUR ROW-BOAT AND TICKETS! ...BLAST IT! STOP THAT INFERNAL SINGING!

♪ MULE ♪ TRAAAW! ♪ KLIPPETY KLOPPIN' THRU THE WIND AND ♪ RAIN...



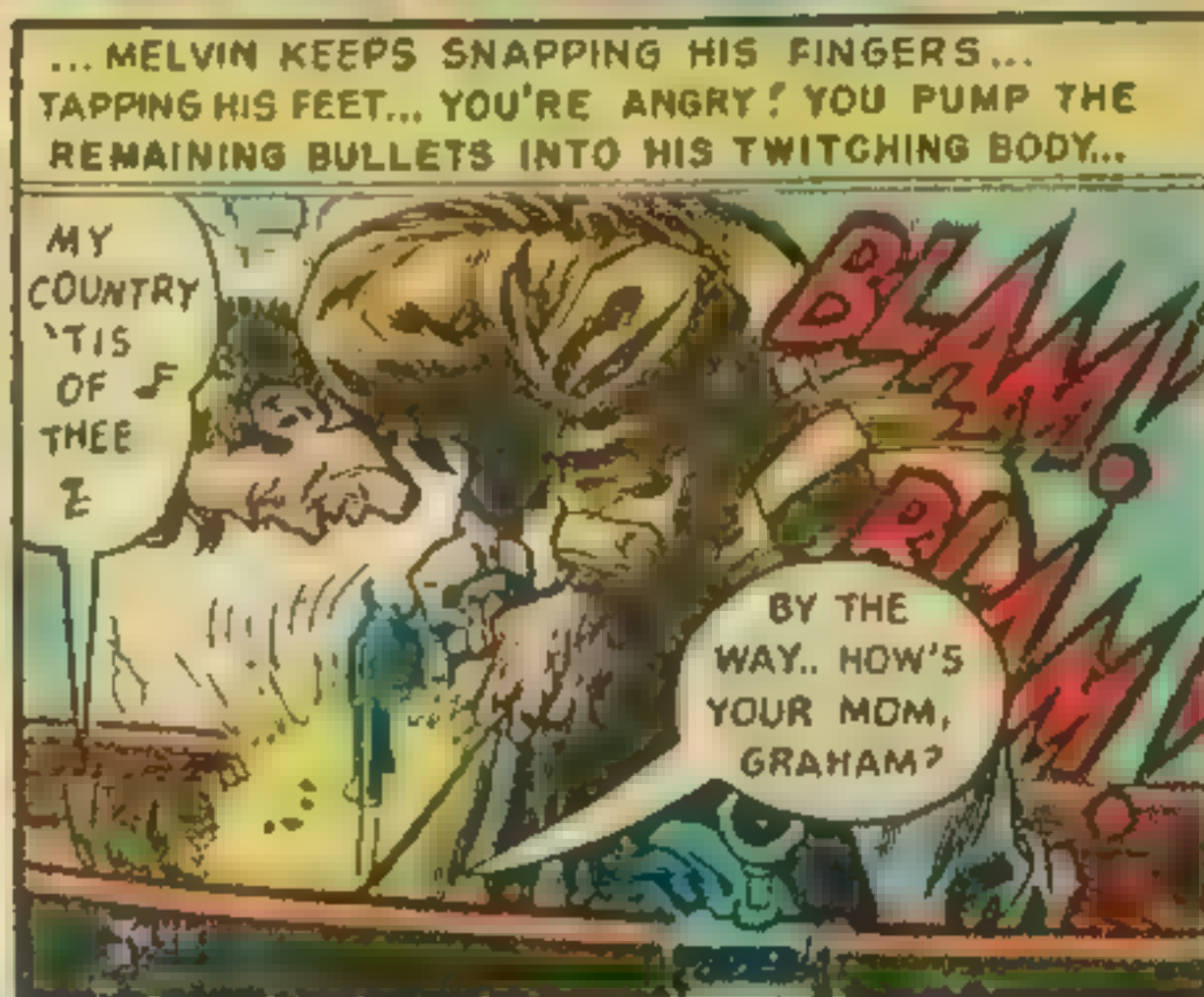
GRAHAM KNOWS THIS OBNOXIOUS SINGING IS MELVIN'S WAY OF SAYING 'NO!' GRAHAM KNOWS AS HE TEARS THE CAPS OUT OF THE HOPALONG CASSIDY PISTOL... INSERTS A DUM-DUM BULLET AND

MA-AMMY ♪ I'D WALK A MILLION MILES FOR ONE OF ♪ YOUR SMILES. MAA-AMMY ♪



THE BULLET DOESN'T QUITE DO THE JOB, DOES IT, GRAHAM? MELVIN PUSHES YOU BACK IN YOUR SEAT TO LISTEN TO MORE SINGING!

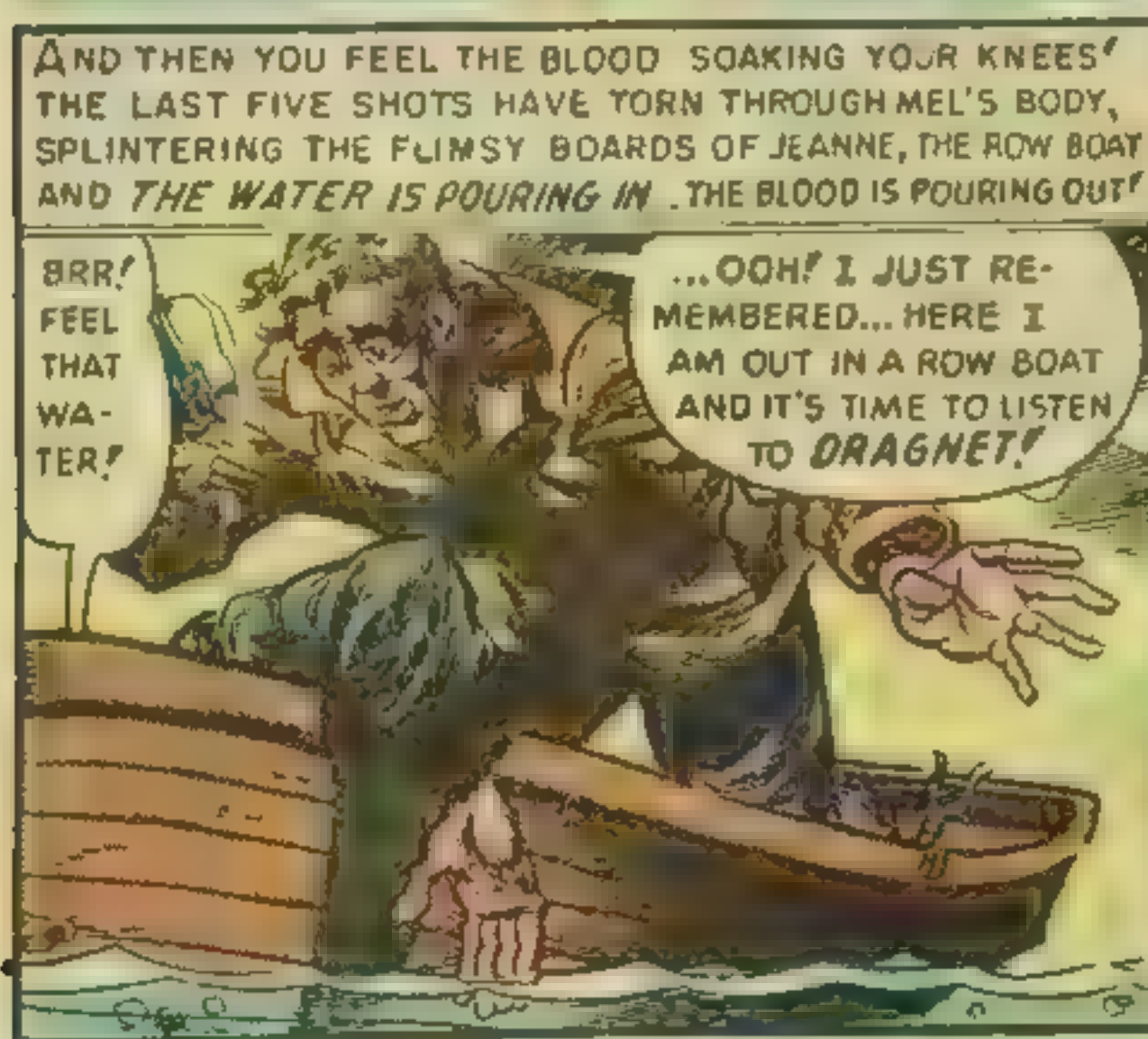
HOW ♪ MUCH IS THAT DAWGIE IN THE WINDOW... ♪



... MELVIN KEEPS SNAPPING HIS FINGERS... TAPPING HIS FEET... YOU'RE ANGRY! YOU PUMP THE REMAINING BULLETS INTO HIS TWITCHING BODY...

MY COUNTRY 'TIS OF ♪ THEE ♪

BY THE WAY.. HOW'S YOUR MOM, GRAHAM?



AND THEN YOU FEEL THE BLOOD SOAKING YOUR KNEES! THE LAST FIVE SHOTS HAVE TORN THROUGH MEL'S BODY, SPLINTERING THE FLIMSY BOARDS OF JEANNE, THE ROW BOAT AND THE WATER IS POURING IN. THE BLOOD IS POURING OUT!

BRR! FEEL THAT WATER!

...OOH! I JUST REMEMBERED... HERE I AM OUT IN A ROW BOAT AND IT'S TIME TO LISTEN TO DRAGNET!



THE BOAT IS LADEN DOWN WITH THE HEAVY PIPES! IT'S SINKING QUICKLY! YOU SUDDENLY REALIZE YOU'VE LOST THE ROW-BOAT, THE HOPALONG CASSIDY PISTOL, AND, AS YOU THINK HOW YOU WILL NEVER COMPLETE YOUR SET OF INDIAN-GUM TICKETS, YOU QUIETLY SAY...

YAAAAAAAH!

YOU LET OUT A HORRIBLE SHRIEK.. CAUSE THERE YOU WERE, ALL SET FOR A COMFORTABLE SWIM BACK TO SHORE... AND THAT'S WHY YOU SHRIEK! INSTEAD OF FINDING NICE COMFORTABLE WATER, YOU FIND IT'S ICE-COLD!

ZWLOK

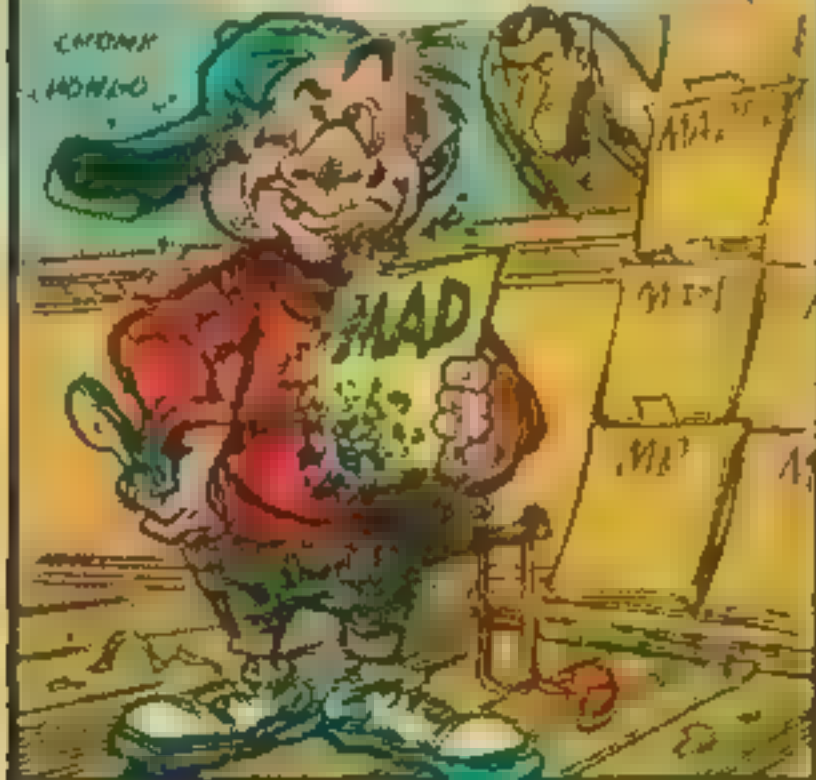


# BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!



**BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!**... THERE ARE MANY IMITATORS OF **MAD** WHO WOULD HAVE YOU BELIEVE THAT THEIR PRODUCT IS SUPERIOR TO **MAD**! HOWEVER, ONLY **MAD** USES YOUNG TENDER PAGES THAT ARE SEASONED IN OUR WARE-HOUSE! . DON'T TAKE OUR WORD FOR IT .. MAKE THIS SIMPLE TASTE-TEST!

First...shred up an issue of **MAD** magazine! Put it in your mouth! Chew it a while and then swallow it...Notice how fresh the ink tastes how it tickles your tummy?



Then, take any other magazine and eat it! Horrible, isn't it! Notice how sick you feel! Notice how your heart is slowing up, and soon it will stop completely!



Make the taste-test yourself! Make the taste test and you will see why leading doctors say that more people eat **MAD** than any other comic magazines!



**REMEMBER!... MAD IS Milder... MUCH Milder!**



# MAD MUMBLINGS

Dear Editors,

You should see our group of Hooper Mountaineers coming down the trail after a hard day's climbing at Devil's Lake State Park . . . a half-dozen Mountaineers sidling, hopping, leaping, etc. down the trail, scratching our ribs, emitting cries of "Oook-ook-ook-ook-ook-ook-oooo!" . . . the first "ook" starting medium, and rising to a fairly high pitch . . . and interspersed with our "ooks" are cries of "HOOOOOOOOOO-HAAH!" Really, it's enough to bring tears of joy to the eyes of a true MAD fan!—Ted. K. Wagner—Madison, Wis.

. . . Technical and Special Effects Dept.: In MAD No. 8, "The Lone Stranger" was represented merely by the William Tell Overture. Purge on you! Why didn't you have an intermission so you could play Les Preludes? Franz Liszt is very upset over this. Thank you.—Franz Liszt Fan Club—Franz Liszt, Pres.

. . . I was once a miserable but fairly intelligent human being. But since reading your magazine, I have changed into a happy little moronic beast. While I am on the subject, I would also like to mention the transformation in my physical anatomy. I now have three eyes . . . one to see the left page, one for the right page, and one for the next page I intend to read. Now I don't mind the looks of the third eye, but it's a pain in the neck—being situated thereon! Whenever I scratch my neck, I stick my finger in my eye!—Shirley D. Blieden—(No address given)

. . . In MAD No. 1, Bumble was bumped off by Melvin. Now he shows up in MAD No. 8 with only his accent changed. ("Yeah, Boss!" to "Ja, Boss!")! In fact, he still has that disgusting green hat. I think the guy that tried to sneak Bumble back in should have his little head overhauled. Did he think we wouldn't notice it or sumpin'?—Fred Weld—Santa Barbara, Calif.

. . . When I first met my husband, I thought he was ugly, stupid, and good-for-nothing. Then, I found out HE HAD ALL THE BACK ISSUES OF MAD! We were married the next day!—Mrs. R. A. Griggs—(No address given)

. . . We, the technical and announcing staff of Radio Station W.I.N.N., can't begin to describe how thoroughly we enjoy the magazine called MAD. We all agree that it is entirely different, original, and most humorous.—Leon Grube—W.I.N.N.—Louisville, Ky.

I think MAD is the best ten cents worth of comics in the world. MAD teaches children new

methods of torture. I love MAD comics.—Don Mac Dougall—Tucson, Ariz.

. . . My faith in idiots is again restored. Please don't ever run out of heroin.—Charles Harless—(No address given)

This is the graveyard, my name is Kamien. I work out of suicide. The word was going around that a new issue of MAD was out; my job, get it! I went to where the squares said I could find this crazy mag. I fell into the joint and asked if they had any MAD comics left. (All I wanted was the facts.) The girl behind the counter said they were all sold out except for one which she was saving for herself. I showed her my badge and told her I needed the book for evidence. She still wouldn't fork over, so I flipped my lid. I lept over the counter, grabbed the babe, and killed her dead. I was arrested by my be-bop helper Frank Spit. On the 31st of Feb., 1951, I was tried in the city of Los Angeles. I was found guilty of stealing one copy of MAD and was sentenced to be hung in the electric chair. You wonder how I'm writing this letter? As I told you, this is the graveyard.—Eddie Kamien—Lancaster, N. Y.

. . . Texas is large, but it cannot hold all of the MAD comics that are sold here.—Bernard Bonario—Houston, Texas

. . . I am the aunt of an exalted devotee of your apparently "spell-binding" publication. You must have something on the ball to make that little nephew of mine exert all the effort he does wandering around trying to find these gems of wisdom. His zeal has rubbed off on all his friends—they form a MAD clan—on the hunt for old issues.—Mrs. John L. Kramer—Pittsburgh, Pa.

. . . I am fastenated at the wonders of your comic book. Frankly I never thought that modern humans were so skrewy. (I do not understand your stories very well for I am a cave man.—Zogg

. . . As I went to get your new mag. I fell right in a mud puddle and ruined my schoolbooks and had to pay for them. But nevertheless I bought the book and forget my woes.—E.C. Fan-Addict No. 141

*Subscriptions to MAD . . . one buck for eight issues! Address for money or just plain fan-mail:*

Mad Editors  
Room 706, Dept. 11  
225 Lafayette St  
N. Y. C. 12, N. Y.



CRIME DEPT.: THE STORY YOU ARE ABOUT TO HEAR IS FALSE! ONLY THE NAMES HAVE BEEN CHANGED TO PROTECT THIS COMIC BOOK! AND NOW MAD COMIC BOOK, THE COMIC THAT IS HIGHEST IN QUALITY... LOWEST IN NICOTINE WITH NO IRRITATION TO NOSE, THROAT OR SINUSES MAD COMIC BOOK AGAIN PRESENTS...

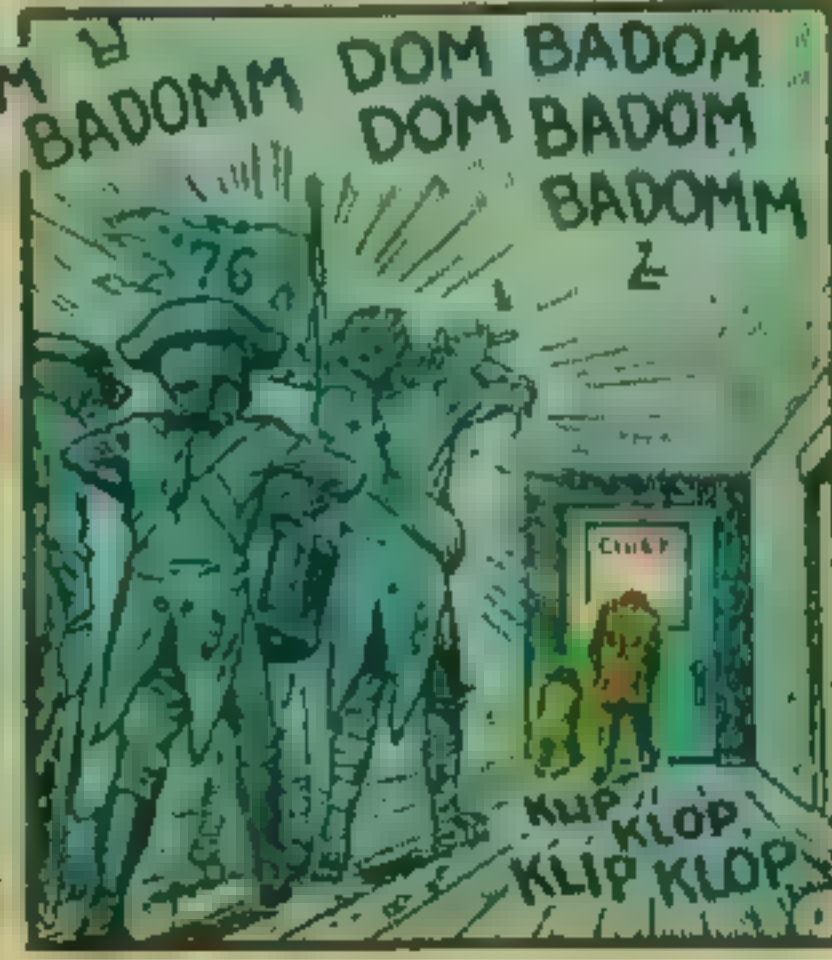
**DRAGGED NET!**  
DOMM-DA DOM-DOMM



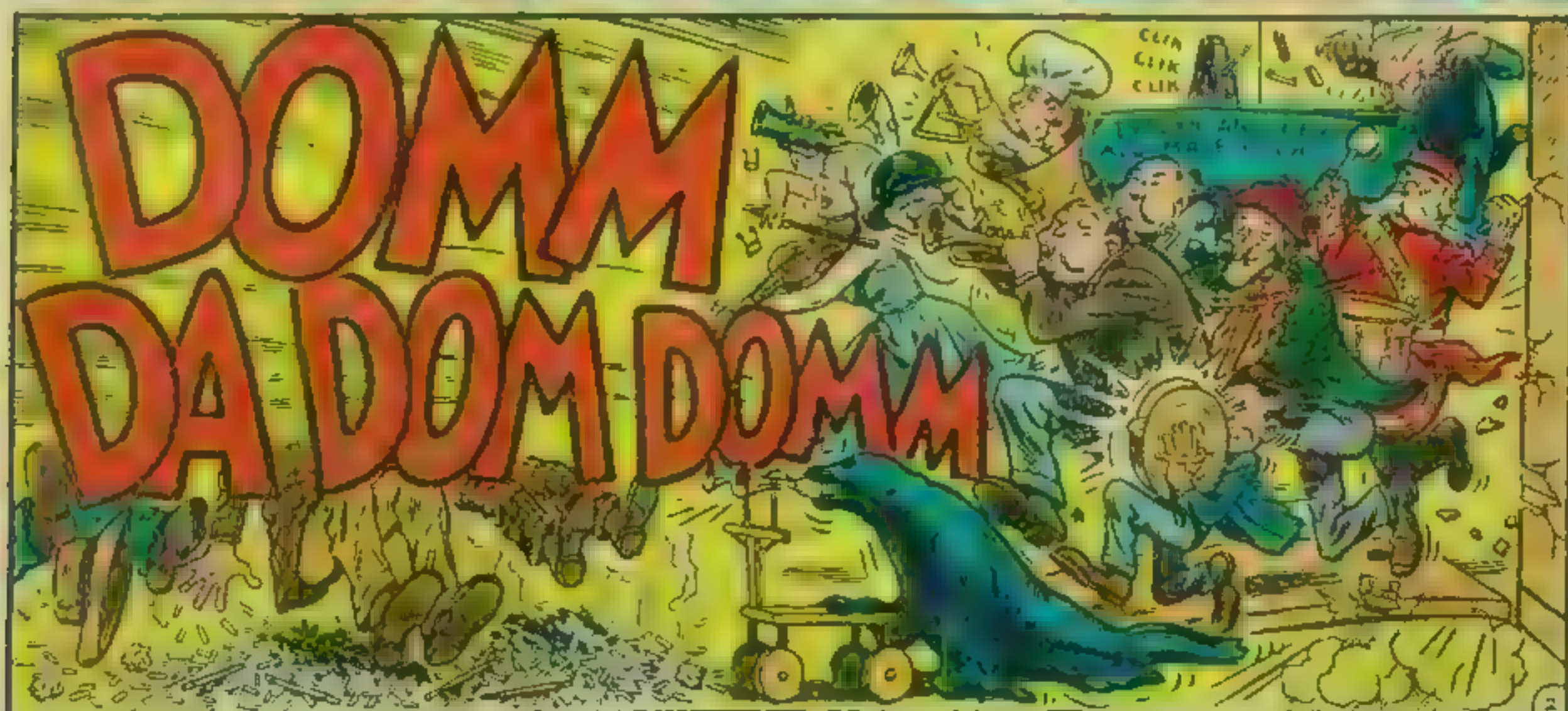
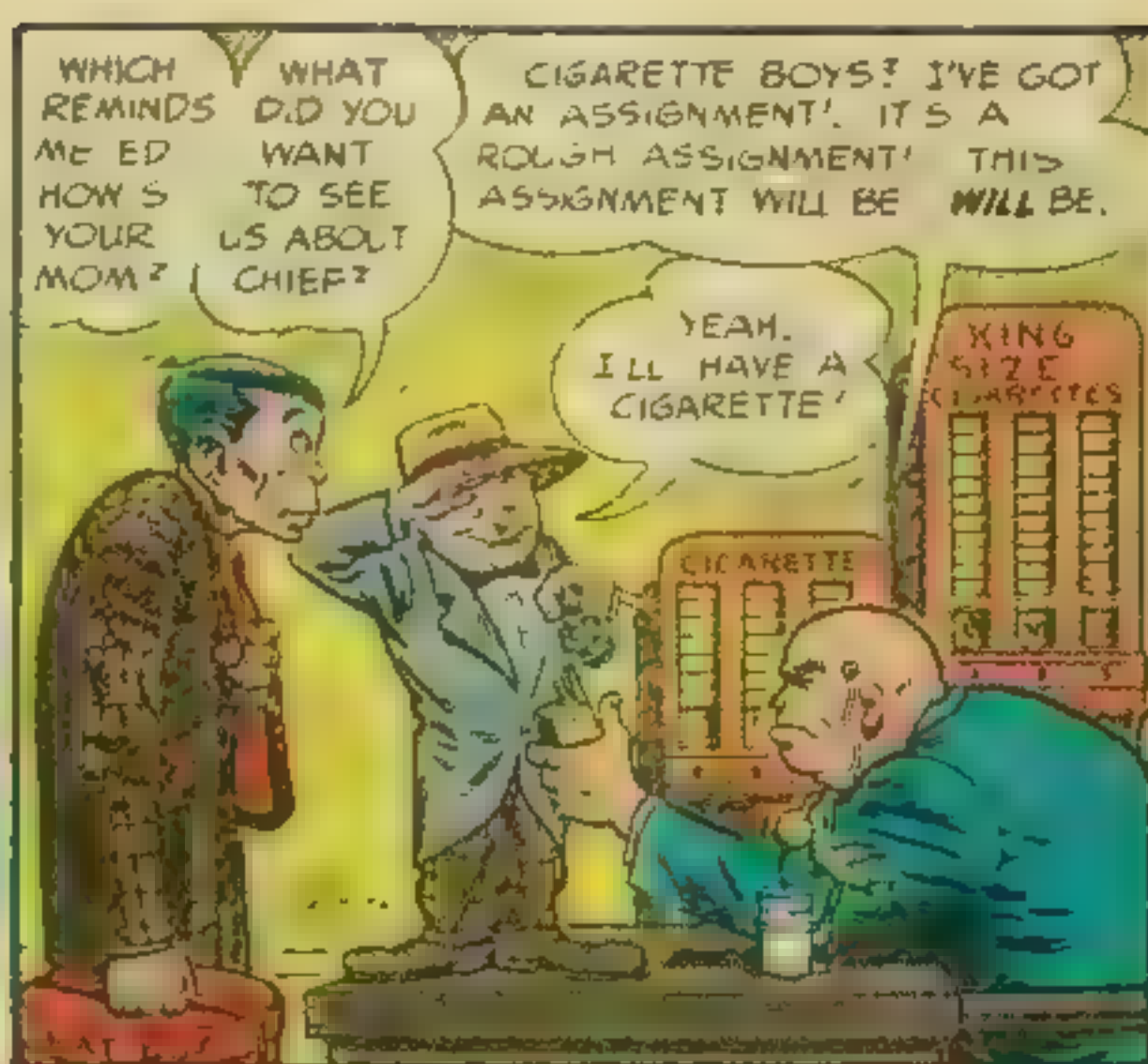
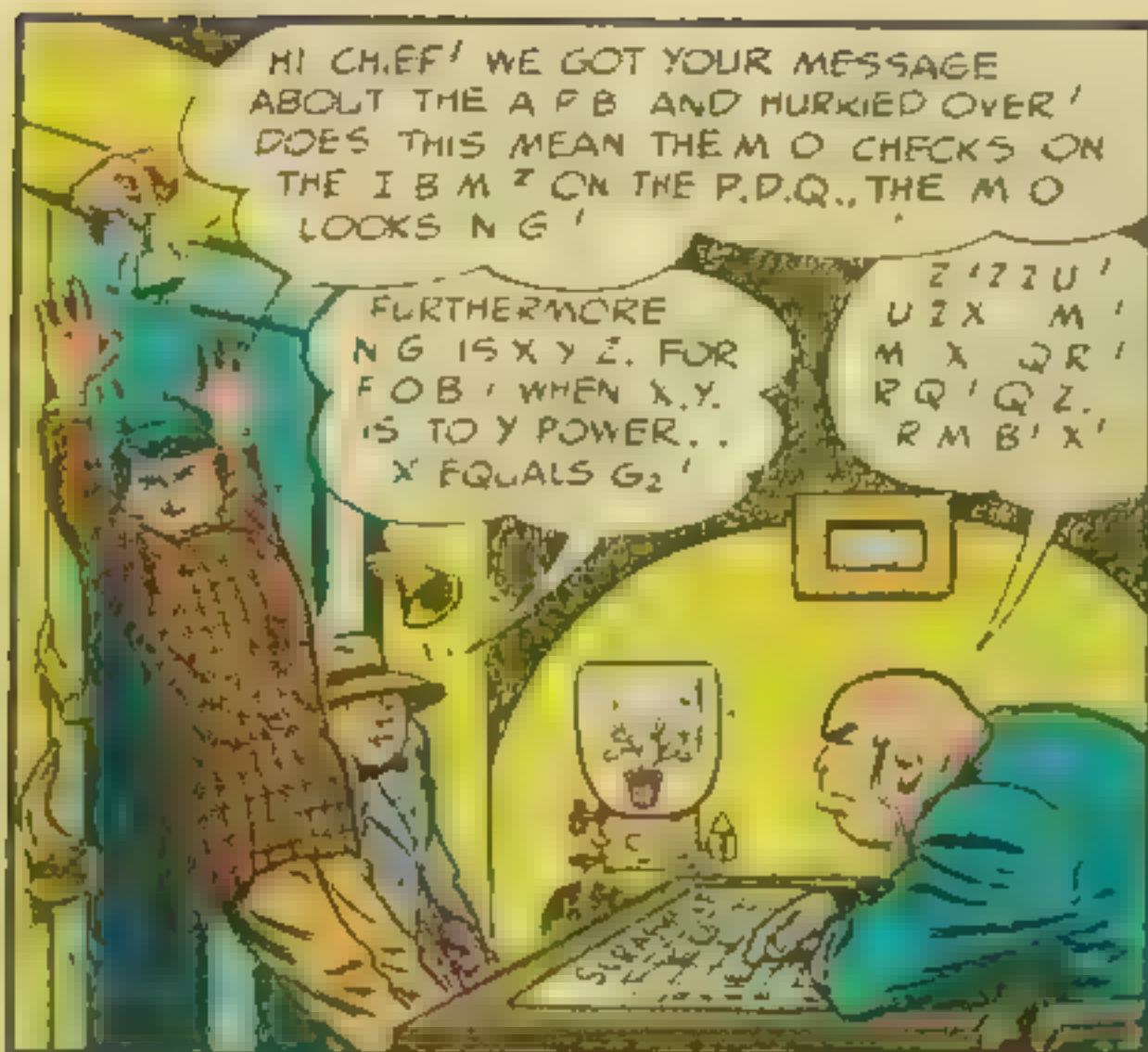
MY NAME IS DETECTIVE SERGEANT  
JOE FRIDAY! MY PARTNER IS ED  
SATURDAY! OUR CHIEF IS MIKE SUNDAY!

MONDAY'9 30 MY PARTNER AND I  
WERE WORKING THE DAY WATCH OUT  
OF HOMICIDE ON MONDAY!

WE SHOULD'VE WORKED THE DAY WATCH  
OURSELVES BUT WE WORKED IT ON  
MONDAY TOM MONDAY - HE'S THE JANITOR!









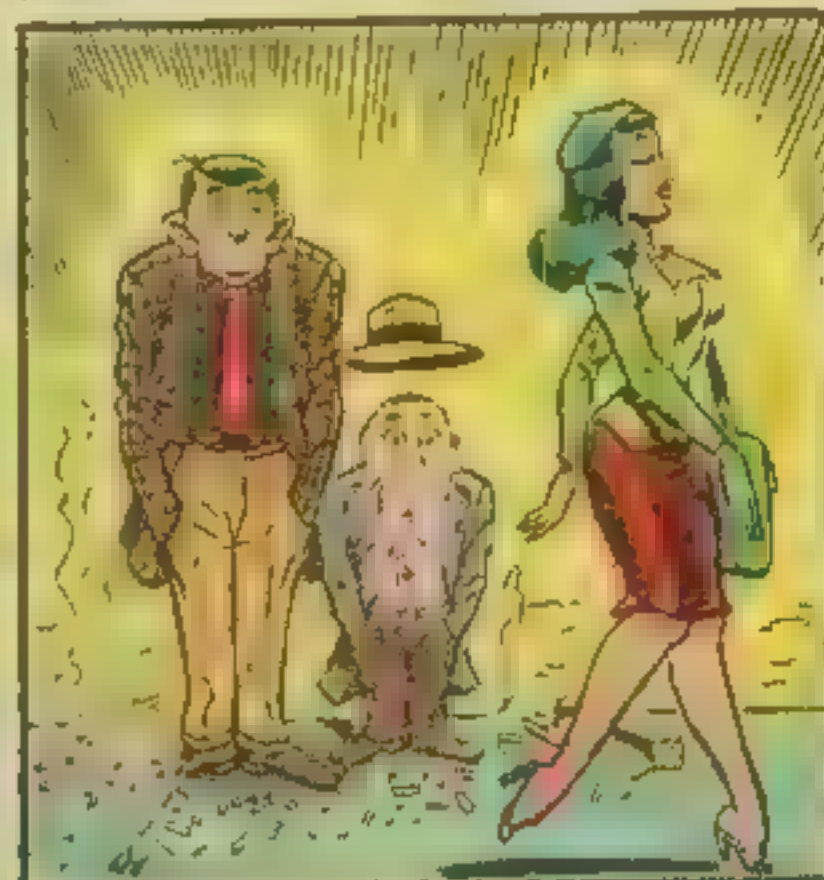
AT 9:30, WE WENT ON STAKE-OUT!  
WHEN ONE IS ON STAKE-OUT, ONE  
MUSTN'T LET ANYTHING DISTRACT ONE!



AT FIRST WHEN THE CHIEF SENT US  
ON STAKE-OUT WE RAN TO A RES-  
TAURANT! WE THOUGHT HE MEANT STEAK-OUT!



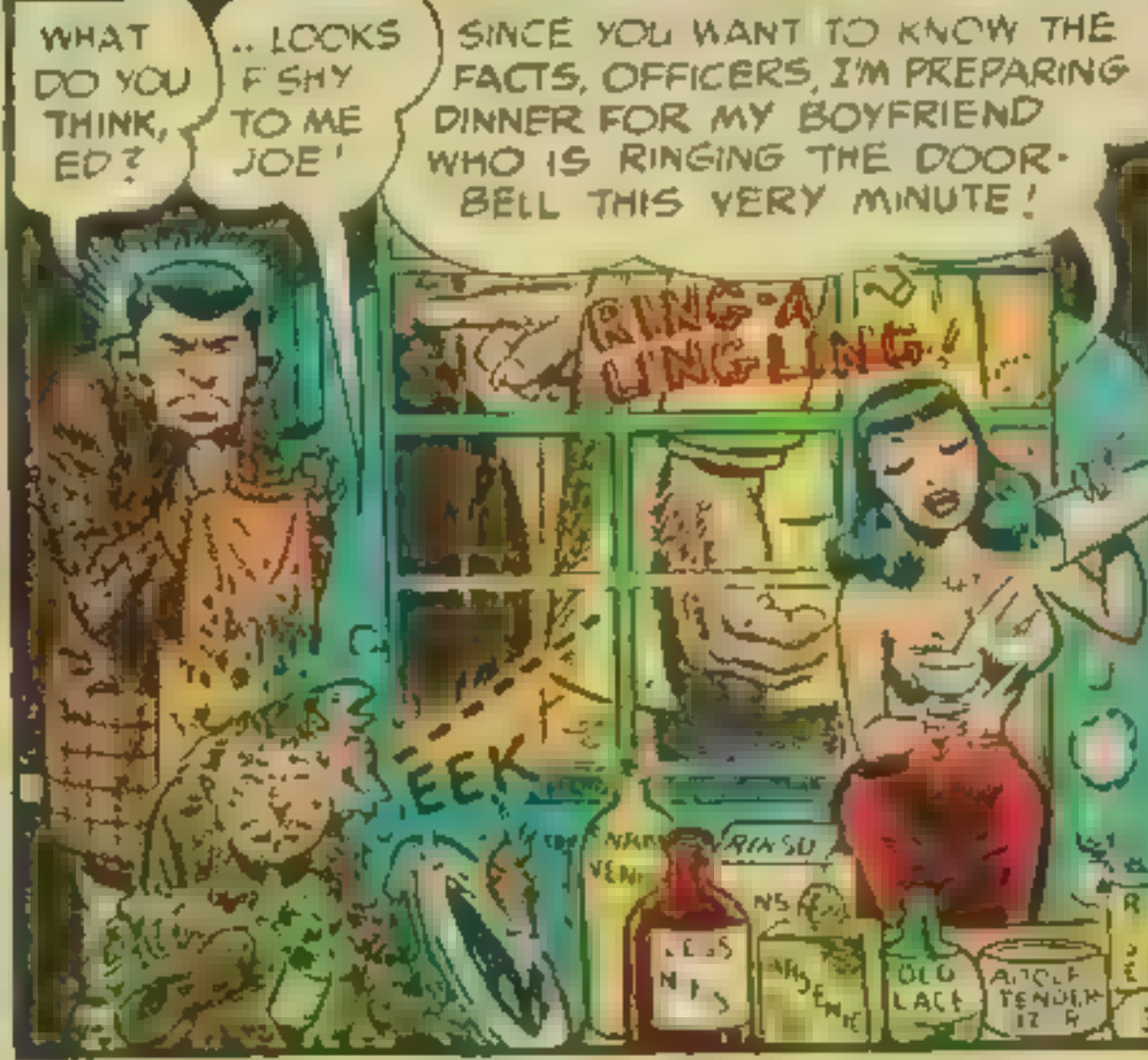
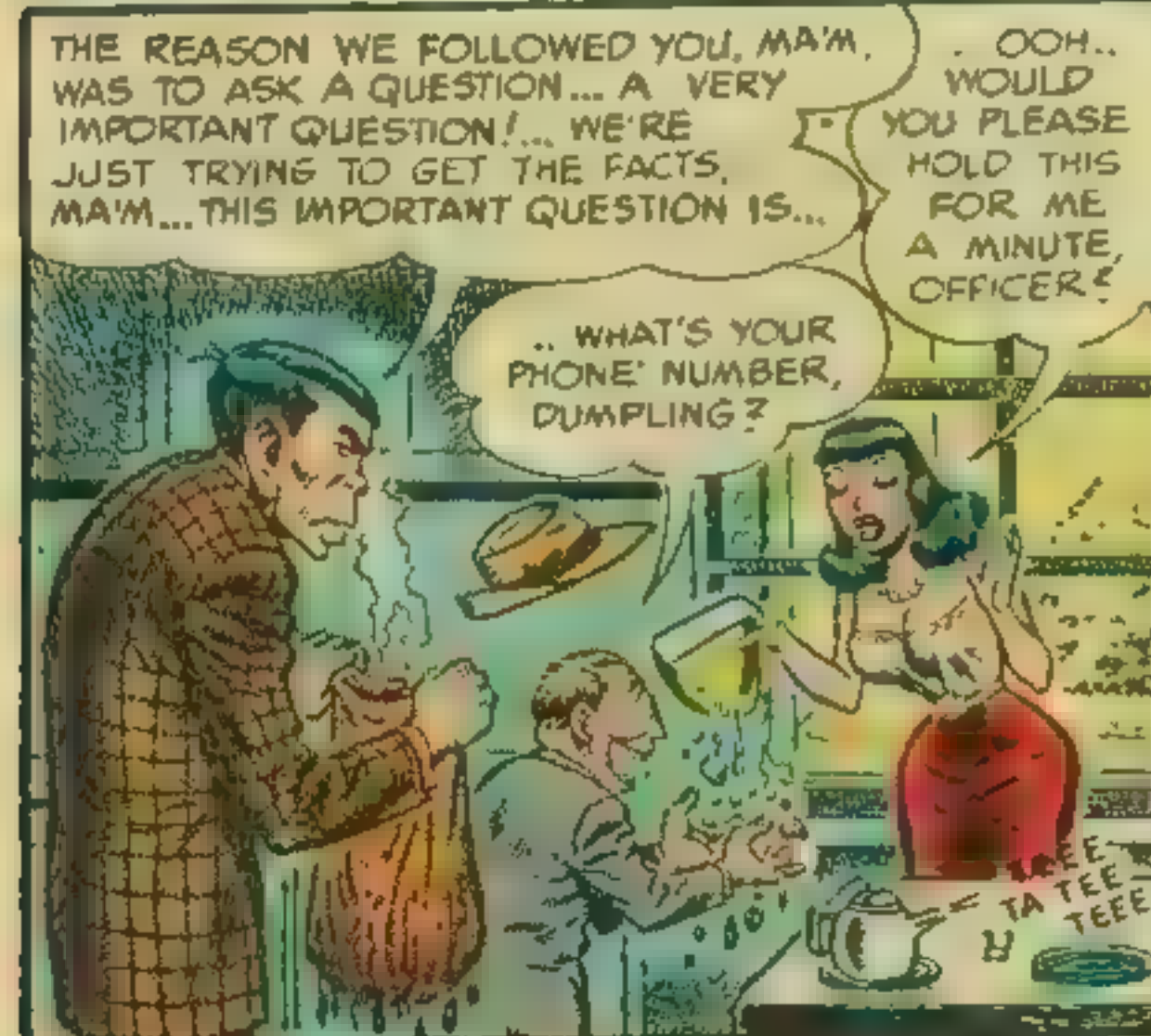
NOW WE'RE ON STAKE-OUT SPECIAL  
ASSESSMENT. AND ONE MUSTN'T LET ANY  
THING DISTRACT ONE WHILE ON STAKE-OUT!



WELL!... MOST ANYTHING!



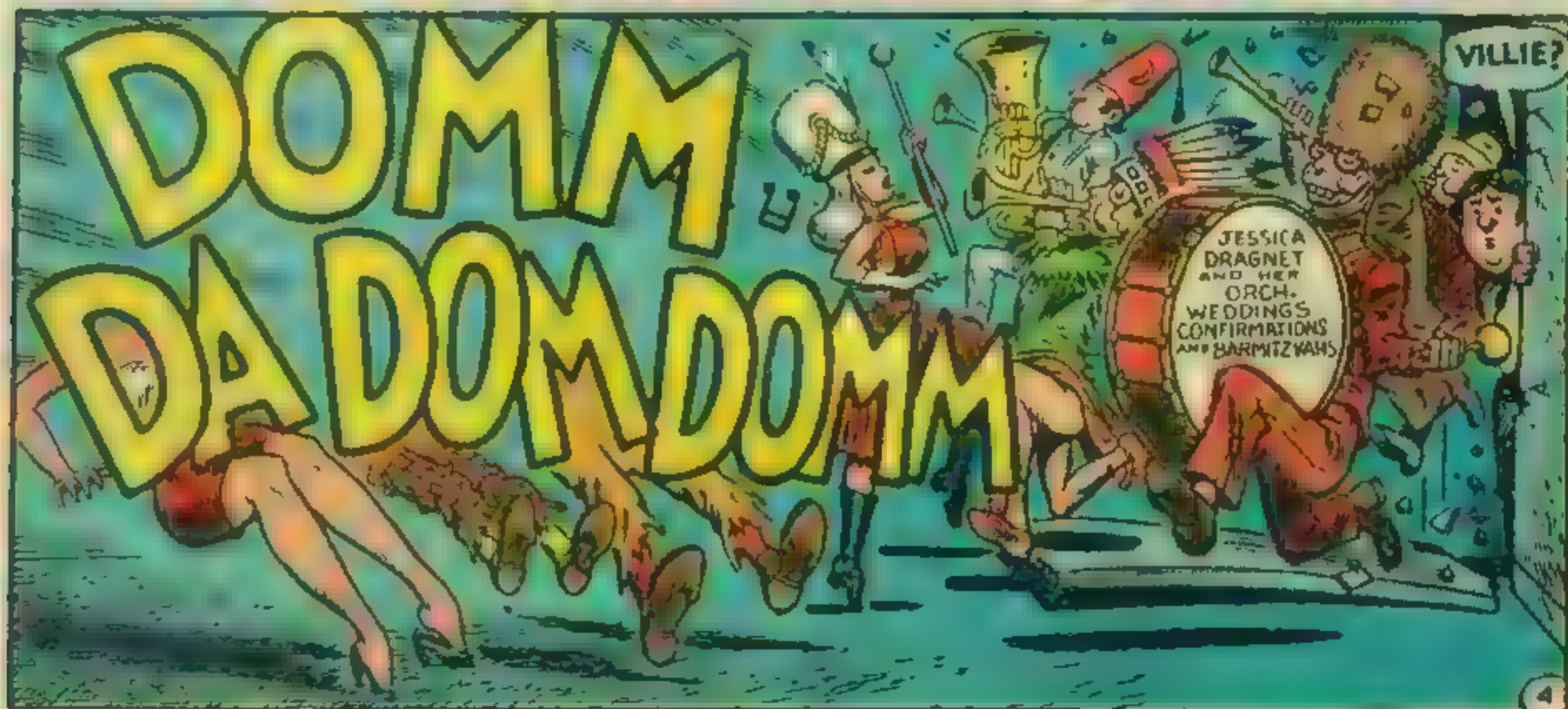
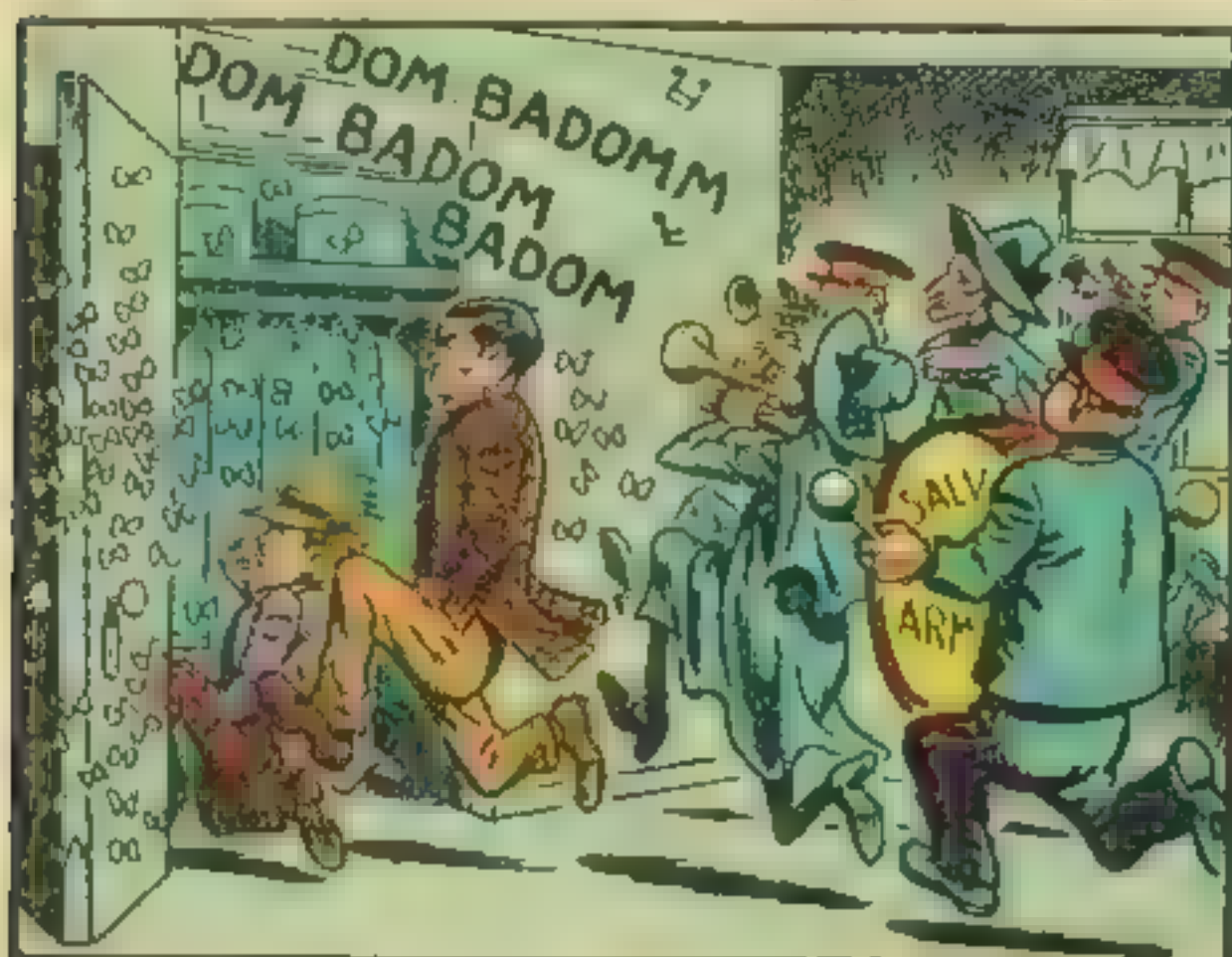
'SCUSE US, MA'M! POLICE OFFICERS! WE'VE JUST FOLLOWED  
YOU 'ROSS THE TOWN, THROUGH THE SUBWAY, UP THE  
ELEVATOR INTO YOUR APARTMENT, OUT TO YOUR KITCHEN  
IN ORDER TO ASK YOU ROUTINE QUESTIONS! YOU  
SHOULDN'T MIND ANSWERING THEM IF YOU'VE GOT  
NOTHING TO HIDE!





WE DECIDED TO HIDE IN THE CLOSET BECAUSE SOMETHING WAS FISHY ESPECIALLY SINCE ED HAD BROUGHT THE BAG OF GARBAGE INTO THE CLOSET WITH US!

AT 9 30, WE SAW HER BOYFRIEND WALK IN! WE SAW HIM SHOW THE GIRL A BRAND NEW INSURANCE POLICY WITH HER AS THE BENEFICIARY!... WE SAW HER MIX HIM A MARTINI





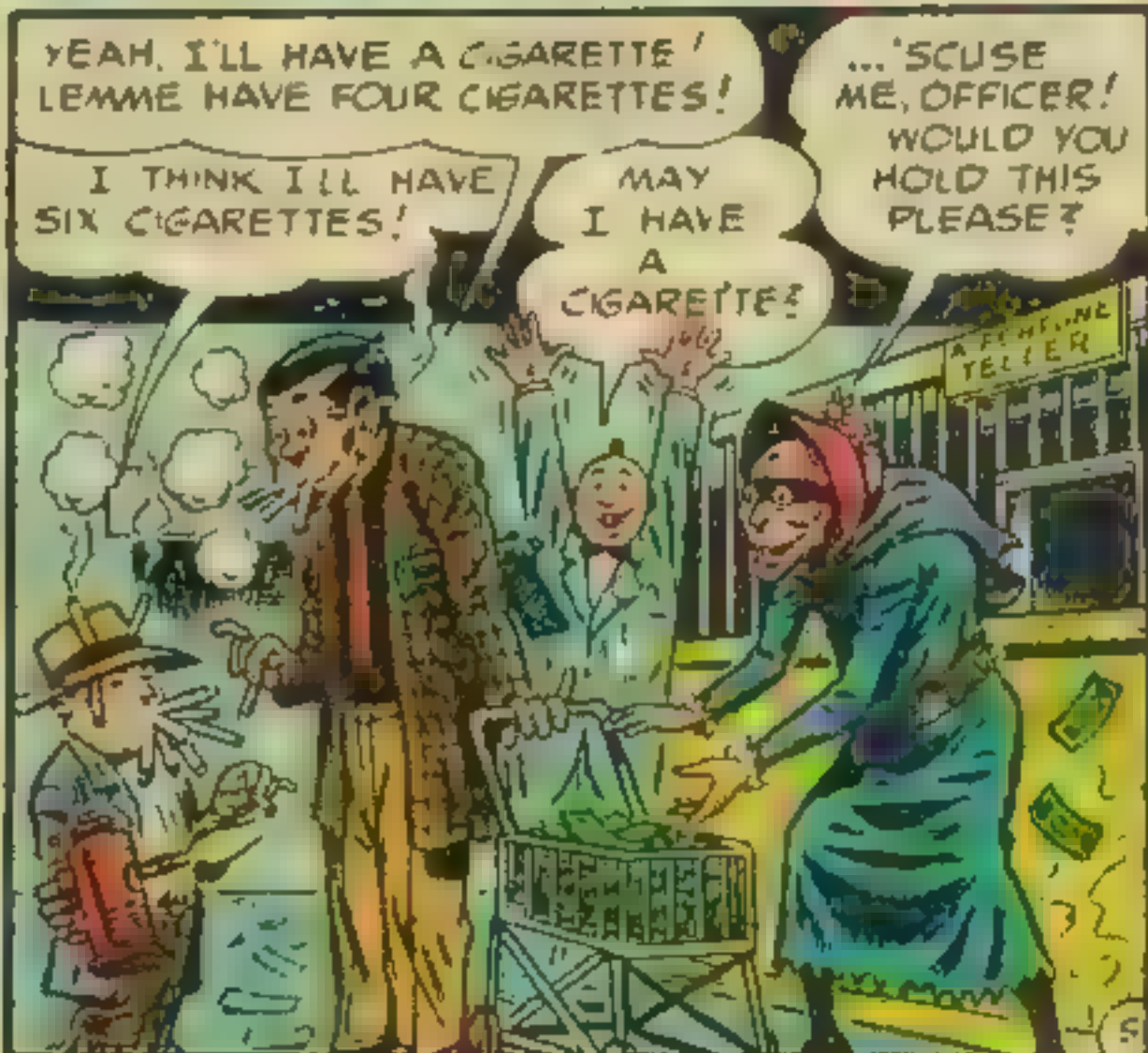
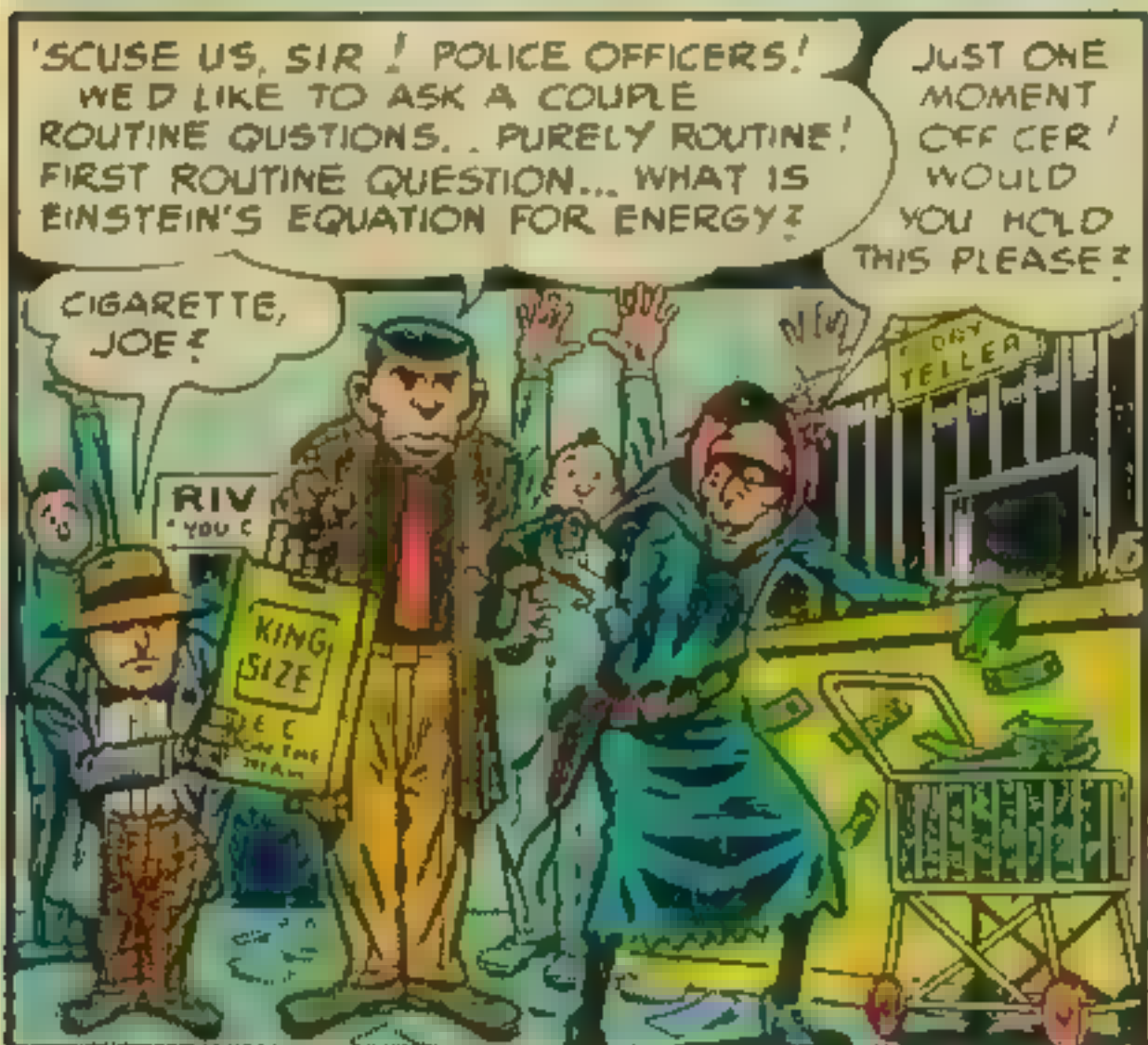
AT 9.30, WE WENT BACK TO OUR  
STAKE-OUT... OUR ASSIGNMENT, WATCH-  
ING AND WAITING AT THIS CORNER!

A LITTLE LATER, AT 9.30, THE  
MAIL WAS REPLACED BY SNOW...  
BUT WE WERE ON STAKE-OUT

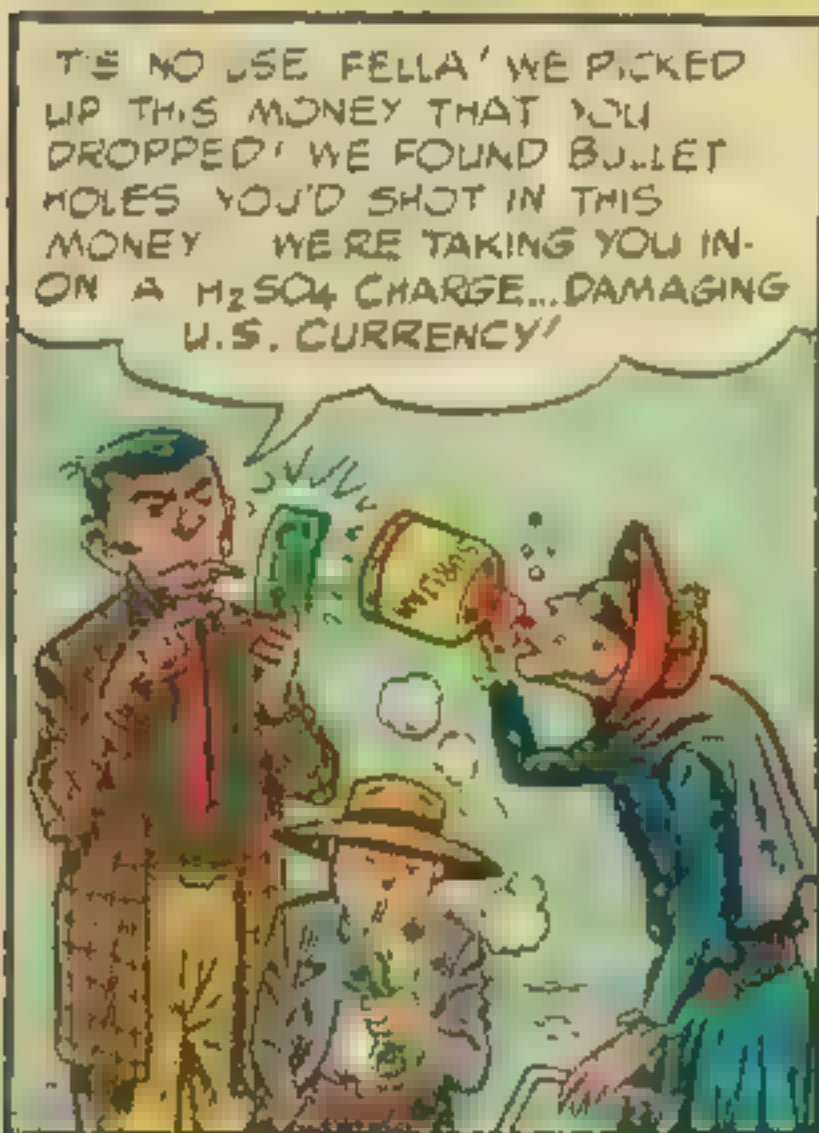
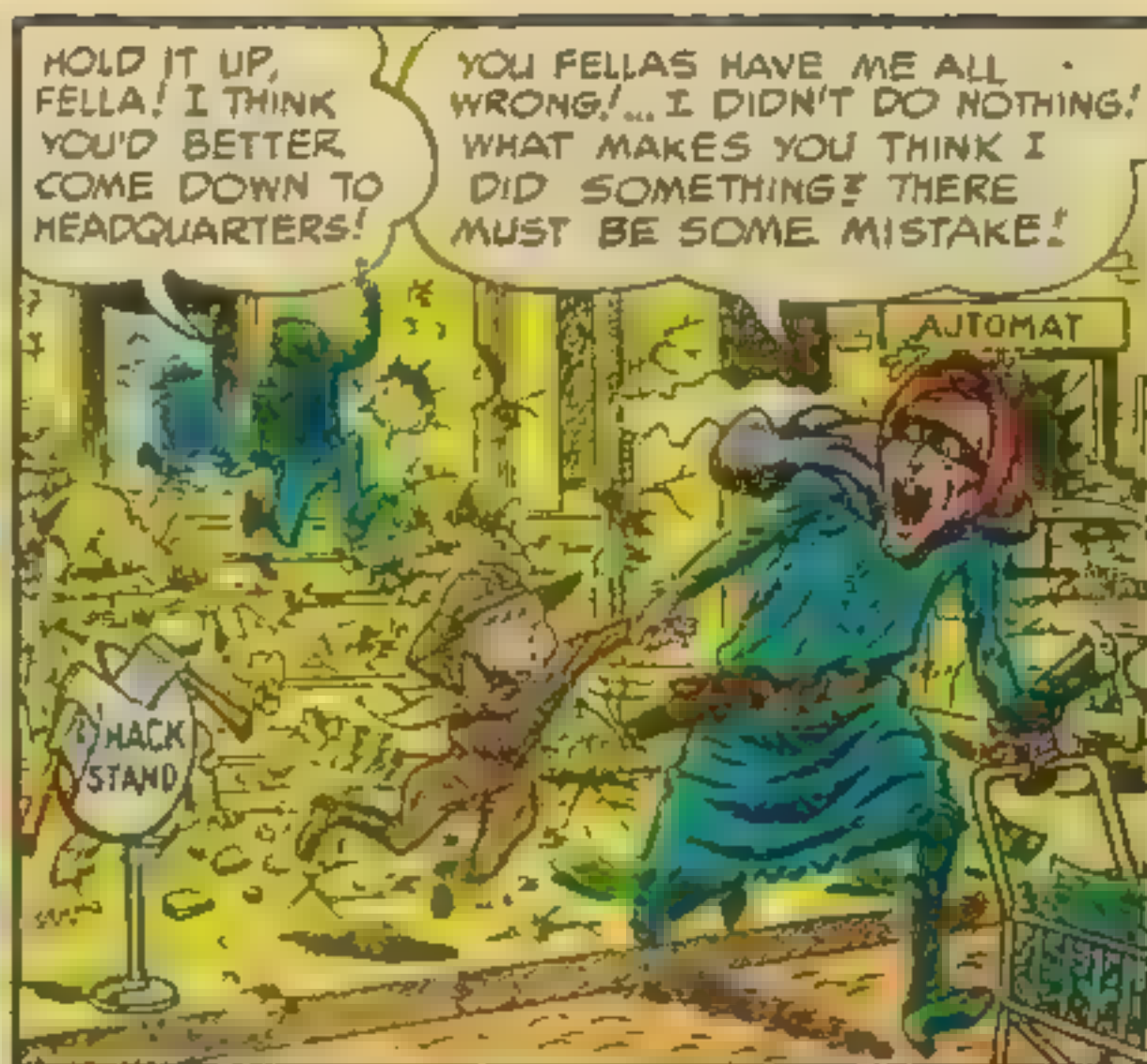
..AND WHEN ONE IS ON STAKE-OUT ONE  
MUST NOT...ABSOLUTELY MUST NOT LEAVE  
ONE'S POST UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES!



WELL! MOST ANY CIRCUMSTANCES!









A political cartoon titled "DOM BADOMM". It depicts a group of men in various costumes, including a plaid kilt and a straw hat, walking in a line. The text "DOM BADOMM" is repeated in a stylized, jagged font above them. The cartoon is signed "H. H. 1934" in the bottom right corner.

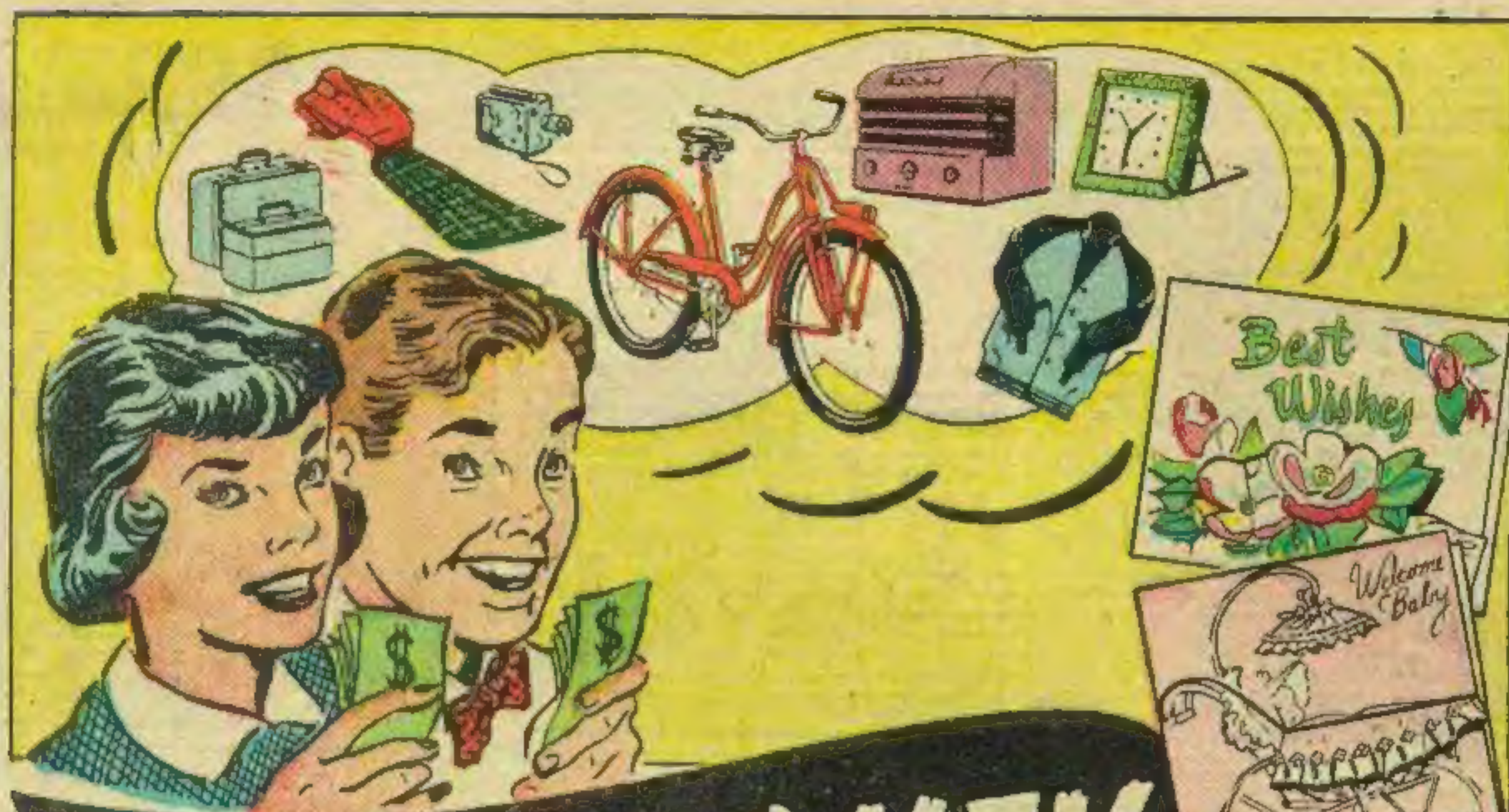
A cartoon illustration of a man in a suit and hat, looking distressed, standing next to a large, ornate, and heavily damaged door. The door is surrounded by many small, red, flower-like objects. A small, round, yellow object is on the floor next to him.

A cartoon illustration depicting a scene from a play. On the left, a balding man in a blue suit is speaking into a vintage microphone. In the center, a man wearing a straw hat and a light-colored shirt looks on with a concerned expression, his hand near his face. On the right, a man in a plaid shirt and a headband is shouting with his mouth wide open, pointing his finger towards the speaker. He is holding a newspaper titled "REPORT" which shows a picture of a man. The background is a simple stage set with a dark, textured wall and a light-colored floor.

... WHAT WE STAKED-OUT  
FOR SIX MONTHS FOR...  
WHAT WE FINALLY  
BROUGHT BACK WAS...  
**TWO OF THE FIRST  
TICKETS SOLD AT  
THE BOX-OFFICE FOR  
THE WORLD SERIES  
BASEBALL GAME...**  
AND...

...YEAH!  
AND THERE  
WAS A LINE  
AHEAD OF US!





# EXTRA MONEY

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**Earn It Easily—**

### **In Spare Time—With STUART Greeting Cards**

Have extra money of your own . . . to do with as you please. Just show Stuart's new, fast-selling All-Occasion Greeting Cards in your spare time. Bargain Assortments of Birthday, Get-Well and other folders needed the year 'round sell on sight to folks in your neighborhood. Fast sales pay you up to 50c per box. Sell just 100 boxes and \$50 cash is yours!

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#### **Get Your Samples TODAY!**

**ACT NOW!** Earn extra cash for yourself or your group. Send no money. Mail coupon or postcard today for complete details and Assortments on approval. Imprint Samples FREE!

**No Experience Needed**

**Send for Samples Today!**

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Church groups, sororities, clubs, other organizations raise hundreds of dollars with the easy, proven Stuart Plan. Your organization has the same opportunity. Members take orders for Stuart Greetings . . . your treasury profits! Get full facts NOW!

**STUART GREETINGS, INC.**

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### **Mail This Coupon For Samples**

STUART GREETINGS, INC.

325 W. Randolph St., Dept. 606 Chicago 6, Ill.

Please send your extra money plan with Sample Assortments on approval and Imprint Samples FREE!

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

Zone \_\_\_\_\_

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# I WILL TRAIN YOU AT HOME FOR GOOD PAY JOBS IN RADIO-TELEVISION

J.E. SMITH has trained more men for Radio-Television  
than any other man. OUR 40th YEAR.

**America's Fast Growing Industry Offers  
You Good Pay—Bright Future—Security**

## I TRAINED THESE MEN



"Started to repair sets six months after enrolling. Earned \$12 to \$15 a week in spare time."—Adam Kramlik, Jr., Sunnyside, Pennsylvania.

"Up to our necks in Radio-Television work. Four other NRI men work here. Am happy with my work."—Glen Peterson, Bradford, Ont., Canada.



"Am doing Radio and Television Servicing full time. Now have my own shop. I owe my success to N.R.I."—Curtis Stath, Ft. Madison, Iowa.

"Am with WCOC. NRI course can't be beat. No trouble passing 1st class Radio-phone license exam."—Jesse W. Parker, Meridian, Mississippi.



"By graduation, had paid for course, car, testing equipment. Can service toughest jobs."—E. J. Streitenberger, New Boston, Ohio.

**AVAILABLE TO  
VETERANS  
UNDER G.I. BILLS**

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Nothing takes the place of PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE. That's why NRI training is based on LEARNING BY DOING. You use parts I furnish to build many circuits common to Radio and Television. As part of my Communications Course, you build many things, including low power transmitter shown at left. You put it "on the air," perform procedures required of broadcasting operators. With my Servicing Course you build modern Radio, etc. Use Multitester you build to make money fixing sets. Many students make \$10, \$15 week extra fixing neighbors' sets in spare time while training. Coupon below will bring book showing other equipment you build. It's all yours to keep.

**The Tested Way  
To Better Pay!**

Training plus opportunity is the PERFECT COMBINATION for job security, good pay, advancement. In good times, the trained man makes the BETTER PAY, GETS PROMOTED. When jobs are scarce, the trained man enjoys GREATER SECURITY. NRI training can help assure you more of the better things of life.

**Start Soon to Make \$10, \$15  
a Week Extra Fixing Sets**

Keep your job while training. I start sending you special booklets that show you how to fix sets the day you enroll. Multitester built with parts I send helps you make \$10, \$15 a week extra fixing sets while training. Many start their own Radio-Television business with spare time earnings.

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You benefit by my 40 years' experience training men at home. Well illustrated lessons give you basic principles you need. Skillfully developed kits of parts I send (see below) "bring to life" things you learn from lessons.

**2 FREE BOOKS  
SHOW HOW  
MAIL COUPON**



**Television Making Good Jobs, Prosperity**—Even without Television, Radio is bigger than ever. 115 million home and auto Radios to be serviced. Over 3000 Radio broadcasting stations use operators, technicians, engineers. Government, Aviation, Police, Ship, Micro-wave Relay, Two-Way Radio Communications for buses, taxis, trucks, etc., are important and growing fields. Television is moving ahead fast.



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### Good for Both—FREE

MR. J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 4E01  
National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C.  
Mail me Sample Lesson and 64-page Book, FREE.  
(No salesman will call. Please write plainly.)

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

**VETS** write in date of discharge \_\_\_\_\_

The ABC's of  
SERVICING

How to Be a  
Success  
in RADIO-  
TELEVISION



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# LET ME GIVE YOU A NEW HE-MAN BODY!

*Charles Atlas*

Awarded the title of "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man" in an international contest

**My Secret Method Has Worked for Thousands No Matter How Skinny or Flabby They Were — Now, Why Not Let It Work For You?**

**HERE'S WHAT I'LL PROVE 15 MINUTES A DAY CAN DO FOR YOU**

**I** DON'T CARE how old or young you are, or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. If you can simply raise your arm and flex it I can add **SOLID MUSCLE** to your biceps—yes, on each arm—in double-quick time! Only 15 minutes a day—right in your own home—is all the time I ask of you! And there's no cost if I fail.

I can broaden your shoulders, strengthen your back, develop your whole muscular system **INSIDE** and **OUTSIDE**! I can add inches to your chest, give you a vise-like grip, make those legs of yours lithe and powerful. I can shoot new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs, help you cram your body so full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even "standing room" left for weakness and that lazy feeling! Before I get through with you I'll have your whole frame "measured" to a nice, new beautiful suit of muscles!

## WHAT'S MY SECRET?

**"DYNAMIC TENSION!"** That's the ticket! The identical natural method that I myself developed to change my body from the scrawny skinny chested weakling I was at 17 to my present superman physique! Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with. When you have learned to develop your strength through "Dynamic Tension" you can laugh at artificial muscle-makers. You simply utilize the **DORMANT** muscle-power in

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**FREE**

Illustrated 32-page Book.  
Just Mail the Coupon.

**SEND NOW** for my famous book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." Packed with actual photographs. Page by page, it shows what "Dynamic Tension" can do for YOU.

This book is a real prize for any fellow who wants a better build. Yet I'll send you a copy absolutely **FREE**. Rush coupon to me personally: **CHARLES ATLAS**, Dept. 164 A, 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.



"I gained 11 lbs. and 4 1/2 inches on my chest, 3 inches on my arms. I am never constipated."  
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—F. S., New York

"Gained 29 pounds. When I started your course I weighed only 147. Now I weigh 170."  
—T. K., New York



## SILVER CUP GIVEN AWAY

This handsome cup, over a foot high, will be given to the pupil who makes the greatest physical improvement in the next 3 months.

## ARE YOU

Skinny, Weak, and run down?  
Always tired?  
Nervous?  
Lacking in confidence?  
Constipated?  
Suffering from bad breath?  
Fat and flabby?  
Do you want to lose or gain weight?

**WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT is told in my FREE BOOK**

**MAIL COUPON TO GET MY VALUABLE BOOK FREE**

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